THE TRUE
HISTORY
OF
CARA MUSTAPHA.
Late GRAND
VISIER.

BEING

A most faithful account of his first rising, the several degrees of his Fortune, his Amours in the Serraglio, *his Employs, the true cause of his undertaking the Siege of* Vienna, *together with the particulars of his Death.*

Written Originally in *French* by a Person of quality, and now translated in *English* by *Francis Philon.* Gent.

London, Printed for *L. Curtiss* on *Ludgate hill,* and *Hen. Rodes* next door to the *Bear Tavern,* near *Bride-lane* in *Fleet-street,* 1685.

The Strangling of the Grand Visier.

A. The Grand Visier. B. The cheif officers of the Army assembled in council. C. The warrant of ye Grand Seignior for ye death of ye Grand Visier, which he reads. D. an Aga holding ye silk rope to strangle ye Grand Visier. E. an Aga who presenteth to ye Grand Visier a Cushion to Kneel upon, and pray. F. a velvet bag to put in ye Grand Visiers head, wch ye two Agas had order to sever from ye body, after his being Strangled.

[illegible] in Fleet street

THE TRUE

HISTORY

OF

CARA MUSTAPHA,

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TO THE
READER.

THis Book containeth the whole Life of Cara Muſtapha, late Grand Viſier, who was Strangled laſt Year at Buda, by order of the Grand Seignior, his Enemies having turned into a crime, the neceſſity he had been brought unto, to raiſe the Siege of Vienna; 'tis an Hiſtory, which hath deſerved a general approbation in its own Country, and 'tis not to be doubted, but it will find the ſame acceptance in its Travels in England, being dreſſed up after the Engliſh faſhion. The moſt ſecret intrigues of the Serraglio, are there traced with ſo much likely-hood, that it is impoſſible to forbear being convin-

eed, that they have occasioned all the misfortunes of this famous Minister.

That Plate which you see at the beginning of the Book, may instruct you with the sad manner, and fatal Ceremonies of his death; whilst he was reading the Grand Seignior's Warrant for his Execution, one of the two Agas, who had been trusted with that cruel Commission, set down before him a rich embroidered Cushion to kneel upon, and make his last Prayer, and the other at the same time put a silk Rope about his Neck, and Strangled him; without allowing him liberty to speak a word, after he had ended his Prayer; There you see the Divan assembled, the Grand Visier reading the Order, the general amazement of the attendants, the joy of some, the trouble of the others, and all the circumstances of that dread-

ful

full Spectacle, as they are explained by the notes beneath. This Book recommends it self so well by its own merit, that it would be needless for me to speak any more in its commendation; this only I will venture to say, that both they that seek meerly for pastime, and pleasure in the reading of a Book, cannot but take a great delight in seeing here the subtle management of love tricks at the Turkish Court; and those that are for instruction may be here abundantly satisfied, if they but reflect upon the wonderful revolutions, that appear in the whole stream of this great Man's fortune, from his very Cradle to his Death; nay, they that are truly pious will find here a fair opportunity to adore the Judgments of God, and confess that this Grand Visier, who had contrived the Death of two eminent Bashaws in the Ottoman Empire,

was at last justly and deservedly paid with his own coyn. In fine, they that are true Patriots, and deserve to bear the glorious name of English Men, cannot but be very sensible of their happiness, when they see in the several transactions of this History, the most Tyrannical Government of the Turkish Empire; they cannot, I say, but praise God, Love and Honour from the heart, our Most Gracious and Merciful King, when they consider, how happy is the condition of Subjects, that live under a Monarch, who makes the Law the only Rule of his Government, in comparison to that of those, who groan under the heavy Yoke of a Prince, who follows no other rule, but his own Will. I will put an end to this advertisement, by giving a short explanation of some obscure terms, which I thought not fit to alter in the translation of

this

this Book, to help thereby those who have perhaps never heard of them in their life.

The Serraglio *means properly a Palace, but it is commonly understood of that, wherein the Grand Seignior dwelleth.*

The Port *is the* Turkish *Court.*

The Grand Vifier *is the supream Minister of State, such as were formerly the* Mayors *of the Palace in* France, *the* Ximenesses *in* Spain, *and lately the* Richelieus *and* Mazarins *beyond* Sea.

Bashaws *are like our Lords in* England, *who Commands the armies, and are made Governours in the several Provinces and Places of the Empire.*

Beglierbey *is a Viceroy of a whole Kingdom, who hath under him many* Bashaws.

Caplan Bashaw *is the High Admiral of* Turky, *who not only com-*

mands the Fleet, but hath also Authority over all Islands, and Seaport Towns, or Fortresses of the Archipelago.

Aga *is a Colonel or Captain of a Troop, Regiment, or the whole Body of the* Janisaries *gradually.*

Spahis *is a Horseman.*

Cadi *is the chief Justice of a Province or Town.*

The Divan *is understood either of the assembly, or of the place of the Council.*

Itchoglans, *are young Men bred in the* Serraglio, *almost after the manner of our Pages in* Europe, *they are sent thither from all parts of the Empire, and chosen amongst those that the Governours send yearly to* Constantinople, *as a tribute due to the Grand Seignior by the several Provinces.*

A Salam *is a kind of Nosegay, or rather a little Basket full of Flowers*

ers, whose quality, colour, simetry and proportion, are as much expressive of the passions of love amongst the Turks, *as our Billets or Love-letters in* Europe.

I cannot but observe you at last, that the History of Donna Emanuela *is not a fiction; 'tis an incident, the* Gazett *took notice of, at the time when that fair* Spanish *Lady was taken.*

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THE HISTORY OF CARA MUSTAPHA GRAND VISIER.

OF all the Monarchies of the World, that of the *Ottomans* is without contradiction, the most despotick and absolute: All the Subjects of that vast Empire, are Slaves to the *Grand Seignior*; Birth giveth no rank amongst them; Children do not inherit their Fathers Estate; nay, the *Bashaws* themselves,

know not their own Parents, the moſt part of them being ſtoll'n away in their moſt tender years, and brought into the *Serraglio*, wherein they learn all ſorts of Exerciſes. There they are bred in ſuch a great ſubmiſſion to the *Sultan's* orders, that they make to themſelves a principle of Religion, to yield up their heads without repining, when that Prince demands them, &c., being ſatisfied, they go ſtraightway to Heaven, if they be happy enough as to dye, either for the Service, or by the Command of their Emperour. As the *Sultans* do ordinarily leave all the care of the ſtate to the vigilancy of the Grand Viſier, that firſt Miniſter, hath a boundleſs and illimited Authority; he beſtoweth favours as he liſts, and never wants fair pretences, to rid himſelf of thoſe who have diſpleas'd him. All the other Viſiers or *Baſhaws* give him an account of that, which concerns their Miniſtry, and the Emperour is never acquainted with other things, but ſuch as the Grand Viſier is willing to have him know; even to that, if

if the Prince comes to the *Divan*, that is the Council-board, his preſence ſerves for nothing elſe, but to give more credit to the motions of the Grand Viſier, which are always approved of, without that any of the other Miniſters durſt contradict him. Nevertheleſs, that exceeding great power freeth him not from often being expoſed, to the danger of loſing his life, through the ſecret Cabals, which are contrived againſt him, within the *Serraglio*, although he doeth his beſt endeavours to prevent them, by making ſure of the protection of the *Sultaneſſes*, and the friendſhip of the Eunuchs; and becauſe the *Sultaneſſes* are always ſenſible, either to love, or to ambition, and the Eunuchs do ſeek how to ſatisfie their inſatiable covetouſneſs, that gives occaſion to an infinite number of intrigues; ſo that, notwithſtanding the great precautions of the Grand Seignior, and the external rudeneſs of the Eunuchs, there always paſſeth ſome ſecret gallantry within the Palace, by ſuch like intrigues *Cara Muſtapha* arrived to

the place of Grand Visier; but, that we might give a more perfect and clear knowledge of it, we must come back and search into the very Principles of the matter.

The Grand Visier *Orcan*, having displeased the *Sultaness* Queen *Kiosem*, was strangled in the Reign of *Ibrahim*. The Janissaries, who loved that Minister, revolted thereupon, and resolved to revenge his death. Their fury brought them to such an extremity, that they cut off *Ibrahim*'s head, and set his Son on the Throne. That Son was but Six years old, who is this now Reigning Emperour, under the name of *Mahomet* the Fourth. They did however consent, the Government should be given to the *Sultaness Kiosem*, Mother of him whom they had just now Sacrificed to their Vengeance. That Princess who had much Wisdom, and was jealous of the pregnant wit of the *Sultaness Valide* Mother to the Reigning Monarch, made a new Cabal for the undoing of *Mahomet*, and setting up in his place *Suleiman*, his Brother, who was Son of

of another *Sultaneſs*. The *Sultaneſs Validé* having diſcovered that Intrigue, had intereſt enough among the *Janiſſaries*, to put them upon a ſecond revolt. The Old *Sultaneſs* loſt her life in that ſedition, and the *Sultaneſs Validé*, was proclamed Regent of the Empire. After all thoſe troubles, the *Ottoman* Monarchy enjoyed a long calm, through the great care of the *Sultaneſs*, and the peaceable temper of the Prime Viſier *Boinou-Egri*; but the Eunuch, who has the direction of the treaſure, having retrenched ſomething of the *Spahis* pay, which are the *Turkiſh* Horſe, they revolted, and made ſtrange diſorders. They could not be appeaſed, but by the Sacrifice of two of the chief Eunuchs of the *Serraglio*, whom they ſtrangled preſently; which ſo much incenſed the *Eunuchs*, that they ever ſince that time, conceived an implacable hatred againſt the *Spahis*, and put all Engins at work for a revenge. Nay, the *Sultaneſs Validé* had a ſhare in their juſt reſentment, and promiſed them to take a convenient time for the pu-

niſhment of the Criminals. She ſpoke about it ſeveral times to the Grand Viſier; but that Miniſter, who had not courage and reſolution enough to undertake ſuch a dangerous revenge, found therein a great deal of difficulties: So the *Sultaneſs* being preſſed by the Eunuchs, reſolved to cauſe the Grand Viſier to be depoſed, and deſigned for his Succeſſor the Famous *Kiouprali*, who had the repute of a fearleſs Soldier, and was accounted a Man of a vaſt capacity. She communicated her deſigns to the *Kehaia*, or Maſter of the *Serraglio*, and order'd him to wait upon *Kiouprali* from her, for to acquaint him with that great Fortune he was deſigned unto, thereby to engage him, to be for ever inviolably bound to her intereſts. The *Sultan* who Governed through his Mothers Councils, approved of the reſolution ſhe had taken. *Boinou-Egri* was turn'd out, and *Kiouprali* Proclamed Grand Viſier with a general applauſe. A little while after, he found a way how to diſunite the *Spahis*; they were diſperſed,

perſed, and then ſeparately puniſhed for their revolt, by order of *Kiouprili*. That Miniſter having ſo anſwered the hopes of the *Sultaneſs Valide*, got deep into the Grand Seigniors eſteem, and purchaſed the friendſhip of the Eunuchs, who have always ever ſince ſought the occaſions to ſhew him their ſenſibleneſs thereof; that which much contributed to the Fortune of the Grand Viſier *Cara Muſtapha*. *Kiouprili* who owned him to be his Kinſman, had put him in the *Serraglio*, there to be brought up together with a great number of young folks, that are called *Itchoglans*. The Eunuchs, the care of their breeding is committed unto, thought themſelves happy to have frequent occaſions of favouring *Muſtapha*, who, of himſelf was a very comely and witty young Man, and did in all his Exerciſes, behave himſelf to the admiration of the whole Court; ſo that, either by his own merit, or through the favour of the Maſter of the *Serraglio*, he got in leſs then ten years, into the Treaſure Chamber, which is

the poſt of diſtinction, and the firſt door of the Temple of Fortune; for the *Itchoglans* that ſerve there, do often approach the Grand Seigniors Perſon, and uſually arrive to the eminenteſt dignities of the State.

The *Beglierbey* of *Egypt* being dead, his moſt precious goods were brought into the *Sultan*'s Treaſure, and becauſe there were found a great many moſt curious things, the Grand Seignior invited the *Sultaneſs* his Mother to take a view of them; and although the like is almoſt never practiſed, obliged her to come along with him into the Treaſure Chamber, attended by two of her *Itchoglaneſſes*, or Maids of Honour. The Officers who were not uſed to ſuch like viſits, were much ſurpriſed at. *Cara Muſtapha* diſtinguiſhed himſelf both by his good meen, and by a certain air of Grandeur, which none of the others could pretend unto; ſo that he was preſently obſerved by the *Sultaneſs*, who did, with great earneſtneſs look upon him. The Grand Seignior having perceived it, ſpoke of him moſt favorably,

vorably, and told her, he was Nephew of *Kiouprili*. The *Sultaneſs* overjoyed to have ſuch a ſpecious colour, to give him ſome token of that inclination ſhe begun to feel for him, asked the Grand Seignior a rich Emerald he had ſhewed her, and as ſhe had ſeen him beſtow many gifts upon the other Officers of the Treaſure (which he is wont to do when he commands it to be opened) ſhe gave it to *Cara Muſtapha*, who was ſo dazled at the ſight of Women, having perhaps never ſeen any till that day, that he durſt not accept of the Emerald, before the *Sultan* bad him to receive it. The *Sultaneſs Valide* retired, well ſatisfied with the Magnifick preſents her Son had made her, but with her mind filled with the ſweet *Idea* of the young *Muſtapha*, who had appeared to her Eyes exceeding amiable: As ſoon as ſhe was alone, ſhe recalled to her mind, all the features of *Muſtapha*, together with all ſhe had heard of his good parts; but when ſhe reflected on the impoſſibility of ever ſeeing again that

young *Itchoglan*, ſhe was ſorry that ſhe ſaw him; nay, ſhe earneſtly endeavoured to forget him. While ſhe was working upon her ſelf to conquer it, the *Kehaia*, or Maſter of the *Seraglio*, who is a black Eunuch that commands all the others, put one day in his mind, to remit ſome dragm of his ſevere humour, and to be merry with the *Itchoglaneſſes* of the *Sultaneſs Validé*. Thoſe Maids who ſpend their life in a perpetual confinement, reſolved to fool him to ſome purpoſe; and accordingly, one of the handſomeſt feigned to love the *Kehaia*. The Eunuch obſerving, that the *Itchoglaneſs* uſed him with an extraordinary kindneſs, could not forbear believing, ſhe was indeed moved by his merit, and ſhew'd her a great ſenſibleneſs thereof. That young Perſon raviſhed with joy, for the happy ſucceſs of her trick, acquainted her companions withal, and continued to feign a vehement paſſion. Our Eunuch, who had leſs love than vanity, promiſed her, not reflecting upon his ſad condition; ſecretly to drop

into

into her Chamber, when her Companions were a sleep. The *Itchoglaness*, feigned to be most sensible at such a proof of his affection, and assured him, she would wait for his Eunuchship, with a great deal of impatience; he failed not to come to the rendevous, and a minute after his coming, all the *Itchoglanesses* entred with Links, and scofft at the poor Wretch at an high rate. Eunuchs are revengeful People; therefore the *Kehaia* took pett at this affront, and resolved to seek for a revenge. In the mean while, the *Sultaness Validè* did in vain resist that violent passion, which drew impetuously her heart towards *Mustapha*. It grew so strong with time, that she more than once had a mind to get him secretly into her aparoment; but the fear of endangering the life of so dear a lover, and those almost unconquerable difficulties, that she foresaw would be found in making sure of the Master of the *Serraglio*, did plunge her into an unspeakable trouble of mind. She heard in that very

time,

time, by one of her *Itchoglaneſſes*, the merry trick they had played upon the *Kehaia*; and becauſe ſhe conſented and referred all things to her love, ſhe hoped, ſhe could draw ſome advantage out of that adventure. She called privately the handſome *Itchoglaneſs*, who had feigned to love the *Kehaia*; and after ſhe had repreſented unto her, how much Eunuchs are inclined to vengeance, and that the *Kehaia* being Maſter of the *Serraglio*, would not fail to undo her, ſhe promiſed her her protection, and that ſhe would never forſake her, if ſhe would exactly follow her directions. That Maid being truly ſenſible of the Queens kindneſs, proffer'd her her own life, if ſuch a victim ſhould be neceſſary to her intereſts. Then the *Sultaneſs* commanded her to feign ſtill to love the *Kehaia*, and to ſhew him both by deeds and words, ſhe was brought to deſpair, for the misfortune happened in their interview without her knowledge. The *Itchoglaneſs* diſcharged her commiſſion, with as much cunning as wit, but ſhe found the

Eunuch

Eunuch highly offended at the insult he had, being expos'd unto whatever she said, he could not be perswaded of her innocence: nevertheless, she gave him so many signs of an extream passion, that at last, she made him believe it true. The poor *Kebaia*, was so much moved by the false shew of that fair ones tenderness and constancy, that then he felt more sensibly, than ever, the misfortune of his State; he was conscious enough of his being utterly unable, to answer the forwardness of the young Maid, so it came in his mind to supply in his room an *Itchoglan* of the treasure house, hoping with that trick, to breed in his Mistresses mind, an high apprehension of his Valour in Loves Wars, and that afterwards, he should have the pleasure of despising her. That conceit so much tickled and charmed his vanity, that he resolved to ask young *Mustapha*, if he would accept of a private conversation with the handsomest of the two *Itchoglanesses*, which he saw waiting upon the *Sultaness Valide*. *Mustapha*

ſtapha anſwered him out of hand, he would not be grieved to loſe his life after ſuch a happineſs. The Eunuch conceiving by that brisk anſwer, he could not chooſe a Man more proper for his deſign, told him, he ſhould e're long hear of him; and now, after he had taken fair meaſures with his pretended Miſtriſs, he put *Muſtapha* in diſguiſe, whom he had firſt inſtructed, how he muſt behave himſelf, to avoid the miſcarriage of an unlucky diſcovery. Night being come, he led him with unheards of precautions into the *Itchaglaneſſes* Chamber. The *Sultaneſs Valide*, being acquainted with all by that Maid, had taken her place, deſigning to catch the *Kehaia*, and threaten him with his utter ruine, except he would make an atonement, and buy his pardon for his crime, by an entire ſubmiſſion to her commands, and the introducing young *Muſtapha* in her Chamber. As ſoon as he was come in, that *Sultaneſs* emboldened by her paſſion, and filled with the *Idea* of her Lover, opened a dark Lanthorn, and did already

ready begin to fright the falſe Eunuch, with ſwinging reproaches, when ſhe knew again her dear *Cara Muſtapha*. There was never a ſurpriſe like hers; however it could not be but acceptable to her, ſince ſhe ſaw him whom ſhe had judged ſo worthy of her love, in lieu of a black and dreadful Eunuch, ſhe thought to meet with *Muſtapha*, on his ſide, was not ſo much pleaſed at the encounter as ſhe; having no experience in loves intrigues, he fell ſo much out of countenance at the ſight of the *Sultaneſs*, and was ſo frighted at her threatnings, that he durſt not lift up his eyes to look upon her, fancying the *Kehaia* would undo him, and that he was a going to be abandoned to the mercileſs fury of the dumbs of the *Serraglio*, but our *Sultaneſs* did not leave him long in that fright. She plainly confeſſed him the violent paſſion ſhe had for him, and forgot nothing that might give him ſuch proofs thereof, as he could wiſh himſelf, ſo *Cara Muſtapha* abundantly ſatisfied, nay almoſt overwhelmed with

his

his *Sultaneſſes* kindneſs, acquainted her with the deſign of the *Kehaia*, and how he put him upon cheating the *Itchoglaneſs*; ſhe heard that ſecret with a great deal of pleaſure, and after ſhe had promiſed him to take care of his fortune, ſhe ſent him back, ſtrictly forbidding him to tell the *Kehaia*, he had ſeen her.

Now the Eunuch proud as can be, of an imaginary eſteem, he thought, he had got in his *Itchoglaneſſes* apprehenſion, did already affect to ſlight her, when the *Sultaneſs* ſent for him; being come, and her waiting Ladies retired, ſhe told him, four dumbs were in ſearch of him, to ſtrangle him by the *Sultan's* order, becauſe he had, by Night, introduced a man into the *Serraglio*. The Wretch ſeized with fear, caſt himſelf at her Feet, intreating her to be ſo merciful as to ſave his life. She engaged to ſue for his pardon, but on condition, he would confeſs his crime, and diſcover her all the circumſtances of that Affair, that might, ſaid ſhe, regard the *Sultaneſs* Queen. The *Kehaia* made her

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unheards of Oaths to undeceive her, and after a downright ingenuous account of the *Itchoglaneſſes* adventure, freely confeſſed, his vanity made him chooſe *Cara Muſtapha*, to ſupply his place. The *Sultaneſs* well pleaſed at his honeſt dealing with her, made him conceive, ſhe knew well how to make a good turn to her friends, even before their application to her, and aſſur'd him, he might retire without fear, becauſe ſhe had hindered the noiſe of his Crime, from coming to the Emperours knowledge. The *Kehaia* gave her a thouſand aſſurances of his gratitude, ſwore an inviolable attachment to her intereſts, and took his leave, a little whi'e after, the *Sultaneſs* who longed to ſee her Gallant, called again the *Kehaia* in private, and declared to him, that ever ſince ſhe had ſeen *Cara Muſtapha* in the Treaſure-houſe, her mind was ſo filled with the charming *Idea* of his good meen, that it was impoſſible for her to think of any other thing, and that the moſt important and acceptable ſervice he ever might do her,

was

was to introduce him at Night in her Chamber. The grateful Eunuch answered, he was exceeding glad he had opportunity to Sacrifice his life to her commands, and promised her to acquaint *Mustapha* with so divine a fortune, that he might prepare himself to answer it, with such forwardness as was due to so special a favour.

The *Sultaness* having so cunningly engaged the chief Eunuch into the interest of her passion, got several times *Mustapha* into her apartment; but scarce was their sweet commerce well established, when the Grand Visier who minded his Nephews preferment, took him out of the *Serraglio*, and put him amongst the Troops, that he might give proof of his courage in the War. The *Sultaness* did resent to the quick her Lovers departure, and wholly applyed her self to seek how to have him back again, and at the same time to procure him an employ, that should engage him to reside there. She had still a great share in the Government, so it was an ea-

sie

ſie matter to her to find a favourable opportunity for that. The place of Maſter of the Horſe being vacant, ſhe moved the Grand Seignior to beſtow it upon *Cara Muſtapha*; aſſuring him, the Prime Viſier would be extreamly ſenſible of it. The *Sultan* gave his conſent, and happy *Muſtapha* is commanded to return ſpeedily to Court.

The *Sultaneſs* having by theſe means, renewed her former correſpondence with her Lover, failed not to put an high value upon the ſervices ſhe had made him; and he failed not on his ſide to do his utmoſt, for being even with her, but in the midſt of his pleaſures, he did not neglect his intereſt; he made ſo good uſe of thoſe ſuitable advices ſhe gave him, for to inſinuate himſelf in the Grand Signiors favour, that he honoured him with his ſpecial friendſhip, and gave him a little while after, a Commiſſion that ſhewed both a great truſt and eſteem. *Aſſan Beglierbey* of *Aſia*, being revolted againſt the Grand Signior, had drawn in ſeveral other *Baſhaws* to his party,

patty, and with impunity plundered all the frontiers of *Anatoly*. The Grand Viſier, had ſent a ſmall Body of Troops to fight that Rebel: but *Aſſan* was grown ſo powerful, that *Kiouprali* was forced to draw back his Army, and ſtay till he were able to ſend more conſiderable Forces thither.

That *Baſhaw* had Marryed the Princeſs *Baſh-lari*, Siſter to the Grand Seignior, who had already been Marryed to three *Baſhaws*, tho then but between Sixteen or Seventeen Years Old. *Aſſan*, who was grown in years, had not, ſince his revolt, the ſame reſpects as afore, to that young Princeſs; her Birth Inſpiring her with a noble and Juſt pride, made her more ſenſible of the unkind uſage, ſhe received from him, ſhe could never uſe herſelf to it, and found a way how to ſend a Letter to the Grand Seignior, wherein ſhe complained to his Highneſs of her preſent miſery. The *Sultan* was moved at *Baſh-lary's* miſfortune, and ſpoke of it one day to *Muſtapha*, in ſuch Terms, as might plainly

plainly ſhew the greatneſs of his ſorrow. This was a ſufficient warrant to *Muſtapha*'s Courage, he followed the Transport of his Zeal, and feigning himſelf extreamly Surpriſed, that there could be found upon Earth a man ſo baſe, and ſo unmannerly, as to want reſpect for a Princeſs of the *Ottomans* blood, he offered himſelf to feign a diſcontent from the Port, and go to *Aſſan*'s Army, to cut off his Head upon the firſt opportunity, if his Highneſs would but give him a Hatchérif. You muſt obſerve the *Turks* have ſo much Submiſſion for a Hatchérif (That is a warrant written with the Grand Seignior's own hand) That, as ſoon as it is ſhew'd them, they give over their life, chuſing rather to die, than to oppoſe ſuch an Order. The *Sultan* admiring the Zeal of *Muſtapha*, accepted of his proffer, and made him depart ſecretly, authoriſed with a Hatchérif. *Muſtapha*'s Journey was not long hidden to the *Sultaneſs*, and the Grand Viſier thought fit to acquaint her with the true motives thereof. She

was so allarmed at the danger, her Gallant was like to be exposed unto, that she fell out with the *Sultan* her Son, and upbraided him with a reproach that he did, without any appearance of good success, Sacrifice the Nephew of a Minister, who served him with an Inviolable fidelity, giving him to understand at the same time, she was confident, *Kiouprali* could never find comfort in such a great loss. The *Sultan* perswaded by his Mothers reasons, Commanded the Grand Visier to send a Courier to *Mustapha*, to stop him in the way, and call him home again: but *Kiouprali*, who had already a prospect for the establishing of his own Son's Fortune, scrupled not to hazard the life of his Nephew, for such an important service to the State. Wherefore he told the Grand Seignior, *Mustapha* had already entred the Country occupied by the Rebels, and that his Couriers could not joyn him. The *Sultaness* was like to dye with grief, when she heard of the unhappy success of her cares, she spent several

days

days in a dreadful trouble and perplexity of mind, and found no comfort, but in the flattering hopes that fortune would perhaps help her Lovers courage, he behaved himself with so much prudence, that he deceived the Rebel *Assan*, who rested abundantly satisfied, that indeed he was a Malecontent, and upon this account trusted him with a most considerable employ in his Army. Wise *Mustapha* dissembled for a while, but at last, sitting one day at Table with *Assan*, and other *Bashaws* of his Party, he drew out of his bosome the fatal hatcherif, and having publickly read, and kissed it with a great deal of respect, set upon the unfortunate *Assan*, and cut off his Head, and none of the *Bashaws* offered to oppose him; which proves that Religion hath more influence, than policy in that blind obedience, the *Turks* pay to those orders, that comes immediatly from the Grand Seignior. *Assans* death disheartned so much all those of his Party, that afterwards, they endeavoured to make their peace at the Port.

Next

Next to this Famous action, his first care was to look for the Princess *Basha-lari*, who lived in *Assan's Serraglio*, confounded with a great Number of other ordinary Women, he waited upon her with all the respect due to a person of her rank, and begged her orders for the carrying away of all *Assan's* goods, which belonged to her by the Death of her Husband. *Basch-lari* whom Old *Assan* did not use with so much civility, could hardly conceal her trouble, at so many Testimonies of respect from a man of so good meen. She stood a while speechless, and gave time thereby to *Mustapha's* Eyes, to view her exactly, and to satisfie himself, she was one of the handsomest persons upon Earth, he was himself so far out of order, that he knew no more what to say, when by good luck, *Assan's* slaves, who cast themselves at his feet, begging his favour, Interrupted his so stedfast staring upon her, he rebuked them severely, and sent them back to the Princess, declaring, she was now the Sovereign Mistris of

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their deſtiny. *Baſch-lari* could not but be very ſenſible of all *Muſtapha's* civilities, and throughly inflamed his heart with a moſt kind and obliging anſwer, ſhe made him. In the mean time, ſhe ſhewed a great deſire to return near the *Sultan* her Brother, and *Muſtapha*, who was wholly poſſeſt with the care to be officious, and complaiſant to her, gave all ſuitable orders for a ſpeedy departure. During the Journey, he did exactly wait upon her, and went ſo far, as to make her obſerve, the reſpect he owed to his Emperours Siſter, was but the leaſt motive of his ſo aſſiduous attendance, and ſo exact a complaiſance for all her deſires. The Princeſs could not but perceive at laſt, that he loved her, and whether ſhe was charm'd with his good meen and civilities, or dealt out of gratitude for that important ſervice, ſhe had juſt now received of him, in freeing her from *Aſſan's* ſlavery, ſhe granted him the liberty, he with much earneſtneſs ſued for, to ſend her *Selams* in the Grand Seigniors

Serraglio. *Selams* are Noſegays made up of Flowers, which the *Turks* uſe inſtead of Love-letters.

The News of *Aſſan's* overthrow, filled *Conſtantinople* with Joy. The *Sultan* did applauſe himſelf, that he had alone concerted that enterpriſe with *Cara Muſtapha*. The Viſier was exceeding well pleaſed, to ſee the Empire freed by his Nephew from ſuch a dangerous Enemy; and for the *Sultaneſs Validé*, ſhe was no leſs ſatisfied with the happy ſucceſs of her Gallants perilous undertaking, as if ſhe had her ſelf cut off the Rebells Head. So *Cara Muſtapha* came back again, and was upon his return, welcomed and overwhelmed with Preſents. The old *Kioupruli* being ſick to death, made uſe of this favourable juncture to give the *Sultan* to underſtand, his Son alone had the ſecrets of the Empire; for he had always bred him with a proſpect to make of him a moſt able Miniſter of State. The Grand Seignior prepoſſeſt with the Fathers former ſervices, and beſides that, being well ſatisfi-

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ed that the change of Miniſters is the greateſt plague and diſturbance, that may befal an Empire, thought fit to beſtow the Fathers place upon his Son, and accordingly Proclamed him Grand Viſier.

Although *Cara Muſtapha*, ſtood as fair as any of the Court for Preferments, yet he was contented with his employ, and put upon this moderation an high value before the *Sultaneſs Validé*, who took it as an unqueſtionable proof of his love: But indeed, ſhe was no more but the pretext of it. *Muſtapha's* heart was wholly devoted to fair *Baſch lari*, and if he anſwered the forward affection of the *Sultaneſs*, 'twas only to get thereby more means and conveniency to court the Princeſs, 'twas not long e're he made uſe of the liberty ſhe had given him, he won with his Gifts, one of the Eunuchs that waited upon her, and ſent her by him a *Selam* made up with myſterious Flowers, which with a ſilent ſpeech ſet forth the violence of his paſſion for her, and how ſmarting

and cruel was his grief, to ſee himſelf bereft of her ſight. The Princeſs kindly received his *Selam*, and to ſhew him how far ſhe was ſatisfied with it, ſhe returned him a Box fill'd with Musk ('tis obſervable, that among the *Turks* this Language is as much intelligible as Love-letters amongſt us) *Cara Muſtapha* was ſo raviſht with joy to ſee, through *Baſch-lari's* anſwer, ſhe was not inſenſible of his Love, that he fancied he might, in time Marry her, notwithſtanding the vaſt diſtance he ſaw betwixt his preſent ſtate, and ſuch a height of Fortune: This thought did ſo ſweetly flatter and tickle his paſſion; that he minded nothing elſe, but how to carry it on to an happy end; and becauſe he well knew, 'tis not lawful for any man to ask a Princeſs of the *Ottoman* Blood in Marriage, and that the Grand Seignior himſelf muſt chooſe him, he deems worthy of the honour of his alliance, he reſolved to court more aſſiduouſly the *Sultan*, that he might prefer him before

before all them, that were in right to pretend to the poſſeſſion of *Baſchari*.

Hunting is the darling paſſion of *Mahomet* the fourth; *Cara Muſtapha* preſented him with a great number of choice Dogs, he had gathered from all parts of *Europe*; ſo that the *Sultan* grew thereby more fond of the ſport, and hunted ſince oftner than formerly: As many times as he Hunts, the Boars are commanded to encompaſs Six or Seven Miles about, a vaſt ſpace of Land, to the end that the game might not eſcape. Theſe frequent troubles being very tireſome to the People, and utterly defacing the Country, gave occaſion to great murmurs and complaints, but however no body durſt tell the *Sultan* of it. The *Mufty*, which is the chief Doctor of the Law, ſpurred by his own zeal, and with the intreaties of ſeveral grave *Baſhaws*, reſolved at laſt to ventute on it, and fancied, he could, perhaps cure him of ſo violent a paſſion, in urging to him this religious argument; *that, when his*

Predeceſſors were not in War, they uſed to work with their own hands; that ſo illuſtrious an example might move their Subjects to give themſelves to uſeful things, no body daring ſtand idle, whilſt the Ruler of the World was buſie; that even the Law it ſelf ordered the Emperours to live upon their own labour, and not upon the ſweat of their Peoples Eyebrows, or the Money of Taxes. *Mahomet* repining at ſuch an unacceptable harangue, was ready many times to interrupt him, and ſhewed by his countenance and geſtures, that ſo free a diſcourſe did not pleaſe him. The *Mufty*, who already repented his having taken upon him that dangerous Commiſſion, would a little ſweeten what he ſaid, and added, *that if a handy-work ſhould vex the Prince, he might, to fulfill the Precept of the Law, make Arrows or any ſuch like ſmall pieces of work, that require little or no application*; that as ſoon as the work is finiſht, he muſt but ſend it to ſome Wealthy *Baſhaw*, who would receive it with a great deal of reſpect, as made with the

Grand

Grand Seigniors own hand, and not fail to return his Highneſs ſuch a Magnifick preſent, as might abundantly provide for the charges of his Table. The *Sultan* ſweetned with theſe laſt words, or perhaps, diſſembling his Anger, told the *Mufty*, that he took in good part his Fatherly remonſtrance, and aſſured him he would make uſe of it. *Cara Muſtapha* had been very attentive to that converſation, and well knowing that *Mahomet*, though very reſpectful to the Miniſters of the *Alcoran*, yet doth not willingly ſuffer himſelf to be croſſed in his divertiſements, begged of him the honour of a private audience, and ſpoke to him after this manner.

Cara Muſtapha, *the humbleſt and devoteſt of all thy Slaves, who uſeth his Ears, his Eyes, and his Tongue, but for the increaſing of the Glory of his Lord, not being able to endure that the* Mufty *ſhould abuſe the Sacred Authority of his Character, preſume to make remonſtrances, and meddle with giving unſeaſonable advices to him that*

gives the Law, wherever the Sun ſhines, not remembring, that all the goods of the Earth are his own, and that 'tis through a ſpecial favour, that he beſtoweth part thereof to his Slaves, doth with a deep ſenſe of humility ſhew thee, thou ſhouldeſt puniſh his raſhneſs, and yet not recede from his adviſe, leſt it might ſeem, the beloved of Alla *and his Grand Prophet ſhould contemn his Law. Thou knoweſt, the* Mufty *is the moſt covetous and ſaving of all Men; If thou wilt then, mortifie him to the quick, thou muſt but go a hunting again, and ſend him part of the Veniſon, thou haſt taken, with a word, that, to follow his ſacred admonition, thou haſt choſen the trade of a Hunter, and ſendeſt him the fruit of thy labour; no doubt but he will liberally reward the Bearer, and return thee ſuch a preſent, as may largely provide for the Expences of thy diet. I am confident, if thou but followeſt this my humble motion, he will no more in his life School his own Maſter.* The Grand Seignior hearkned to *Muſtapha's* Speech with an unſpeakable joy, gave him a Thou-

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ſand thanks, and vowed, he was more beholding to him for this counſel, than for the very head of *Aſſan*. Two days after he failed not to go a Hunting, and performed all he had reſolved upon with *Muſtapha*. The *Mufti* knew too late his fault in oppoſing his Sovereign's pleaſures, and was obliged to pay the honour he did him, with a very rich Preſent; and ever ſince that time, I warrant ye, he did never think of giving him ſuch Godly Admonitions.

Cara Muſtapha was ſo entirely poſſeſſed with the care of courting the Princeſs, that his ſo frequent and regular attendance upon the Grand Seignior, was rather the product of his love, than of his ambition. It fell out nevertheleſs, that this Monarch being extremely ſatisfied with his Services, began to think of ſetting up his Fortune, and accordingly Proclaimed him *Baſhaw* of the Sea. *Muſtapha* who look't upon this dignity, as a new ſtep towards the Princeſs, was overjoyed at the happy news thereof; aſſoon as his

preferment was publick at Court, all the Grandees of the Empire were very forward in complementing him thereupon, and ſent him rich Preſents, as is uſual in ſuch like occaſions, but in the midſt of all theſe applauſes, he thought of nothing but *Baſch-lari*, and of preparing a rare *Selam*, that might with his ſilent Language, acquaint her with the true Sentiments of his aſpiring heart; after he had got into the *Selam* all thoſe Flowers he thought fitteſt to ſhew a ſtrong paſſion, and to let his Princeſs know, that he had accepted of the place of General of the Sea, but to have more opportunity to grow leſs unworthy of her, he truſted with it that Eunuch who had eſpouſed his intereſt, but this Block-head did ſo ill diſcharge his truſt, that being catcht by the *Kehaia*, he could never have eſcaped a moſt ſevere puniſhment, if he had not confeſſed, the *Selam* came from *Cara Muſtapha*. The *Kehaia* without any further inquiry, doubted not but this Galantry regarded the *Sultaneſs Validé*, he

he warned the Eunuch never to take upon him ſuch Commiſſions, took the *Selam* out of his hands, and carried it himſelf in great haſt to the *Sultaneſs*, who ſometimes indeed was entertained with *Selams* by *Cara Muſtapha*, but made up only with Flowers of a moſt reſpectful and ſenſible gratitude. She was ſo ſurpriſed, and at the ſame time ſo overjoyed that a Woman of her Age, was preſented with ſo tender a *Selam*, that not finding now at hand what was neceſſary for a regular anſwer, ſhe bid the *Kehaia* to bring him, next Night, into her apartment. In the mean time, *Cara Muſtapha* having heard of his *Selam*'s miſcarriage, attended all the day long upon the Grand Seignior, waiting for an opportunity to meet the *Kehaia*, who on his ſide was ſeeking for him. They met opportunely together, the *Kehaia* ſhook *Muſtapha*'s hand, and whiſpered him in the ear that he himſelf had delivered his *Selam*, and was commanded to bring him that very Night, in ſuch a place where he ſhould be

thanked

thanked for it. The *Sultan*'s preſence did not permit him to explain himſelf farther, *Muſtapha* whoſe heart was fill'd with nothing but his royal Miſtriſs, was ſo agreeably ſurpriſed to hear, ſhe would ſee him, that without any other reflection, he wholly gave himſelf over to the tranſport of his Joy; and tickled in this critical minute, with the ſweeteſt hopes that may attend love, he lookt upon the Grand Seigniors condition as far leſs happy than his. The reſt of the day was long to him, he paſt it away in dreſſing up and undreſſing himſelf, never finding himſelf well enough, to appear before the Eyes of his *Baſchlari*. This ſo long expected Night being come, the chief of the Eunuchs who uſed to guide him through different ways, for fear of meeting the Guard, got him ſafe into the *Sultaneſſes* Chamber. What pen might expreſs *Muſtapha*'s amazement? he had flattered himſelf with the hope of ſeeing his Princeſs, now he finds himſelf unavoidably engaged with the *Sultaneſs* Mother! that *Sultaneſs*, be-

beginning to preſs him hard, he could by no means maſter up his diſorder; ſhe perceived it, and begun to fall upon reproaches, when *Muſtapha* fearing leaſt ſhe ſhould dive into the true cauſe of his coldneſs, call'd back his wits about him, and told her that his new place forcing him ſhortly to abſent from her, and put out to Sea, ſhe indeed wronged him with her wondering at his trouble. This witty and moſt ſeaſonable anſwer charmed the *Sultaneſs*; ſhe was ſo ſatisfied with *Muſtapha*, that far from ſearching any more into the Myſtery of his diſorder, it turn'd into a ſource of merit to him, ſo true it is, that a beloved one is eaſily credited and truſted unto. The *Sultaneſs* diſmiſſed him, overloaded with all ſorts of careſſes, bid him to ground upon her protection in all things, and to be ſure ſhe would ſhortly ſee him call'd back at Court. So *Cara Muſtapha* very cleverly came off this time; he cleared afterwards with the *Kehaia* the matter of the *Selam*, but becauſe he knew him to be wholly

devoted

devoted to the *Sultaneſs*, he took heed not to give him the leaſt hint of his love with *Baſch-lari*. Now, nothing being impoſſible to a man that loves indeed, he found a way how to ſend to the Princeſs another *Selam*, no leſs myſterious and tender than the former, through the contrivance of a Jeweſs, that ſold Jewels in the Palace, and he had before parting this comfort to receive from her a Box full of Amber and Musk, which are the moſt open and expreſſive tokens of love, a Lady might give to her Lover.

Aſſoon as the new *Caplan-Baſhaw* had put to Sea, he bent himſelf wholly to the management of a glorious *Campaign*, hoping ſpeedily to return, and throw his Lawrels at the feet of his Princeſs, he gave chaſe to ſeveral Chriſtian Corſairs, and met at laſt the Galleys of *Maltha*, which he attached with much bravery: but a Prince of the Houſe of *Lorrain*, who commanded them, made ſo ſtout a defence, that after a long and cruel Combat, the Wind ſo parted both Fleets,

Fleets, that though they made their uttermoſt endeavours, they could never engage again one another. Two days after this Combat, the *Turks* diſcovered a *Spaniſh* Man of War, which they Fired upon, and took it after a very feeble reſiſtance. *Cara Muſtapha* having called on board his Admiral, the *Spaniſh* Captain, heard of him, that Ship was loaded with a great deal of precious goods, which the Viceroy of *Naples*, did ſend into *Spain* with his Daughter a beautifull Young Lady, who was a going to *Madrit*, in order to her being matched there with a Grandee. *Muſtapha* conceiving that amongſt ſo many rich goods, there might be found ſomething worthy of his Princeſs, ſtrictly forbad pillaging, and after he had got all the Soldiers out of the Ship, he came in and viewed her; he met firſt a number of Women bitterly weeping, who ſurrounded the fair *Spaniſh* Lady, which he preſently diſcerned through her ſingular beauty, and the State of her Garb. *Cara Muſtapha*, whoſe courage, and Warlike temper

temper were aſſwaged by love, tho the only Princeſs *Baſch-lari*, was the Goddeſs he thought worthy the Sacrifice of his liberty, uſed his Slaves with kindneſs, and civilly anſwered the Petition of one of thoſe Maids, that ſpoke to him in *Italian*, and whom he obſerved to be very witty. Among all the riches of the Ship, nothing pleaſed him ſo much, as a mirrour wrought with a great deal of art and Induſtry. It was encompaſſed with little *Cupids*, playing and ſaying to one another, *felice chi e amato*. Aſſoon as *Muſtapha* ſaw it, he deſigned it for his Princeſs; the Captain of the Ship told him, it was a Maſter-piece, which the ableſt workmen of *Italy*, had with emulation exerciſed their art on, and which was to be preſented to the Queen of *Spain*, from the Viceroy of *Naples*: by the Famous *Roxolane*, the very ſame Maid, which ſpake juſt now with him, whom the Viceroy had with moſt advantageous proffers engaged for the Court of *Spain*, becauſe ſhe was endowed with the

moſt

moſt pleaſant and harmonious Voice that might be heard upon Earth. This ſtirred up *Muſtapha*'s curioſity; he diſcourſed again with *Roxolane*, who, notwithſtanding the great trouble ſhe was in, by ſuch a ſudden and cruel change of her condition, did nevertheleſs judicioufly anſwer all his Queſtions: *Muſtapha*, who aimed at his love in all things, conceiving, ſhe could do him a kindneſs near *Baſch-lari*, reſolved to make her a preſent of that Slave, and the more to ingage her in his intereſt, he uſed her with much civility, and ſaw all her goods exactly reſtored to her. Nay, his kindneſs ſtayed not there, he was no great admirer of vocal muſick, however he deſired her to ſing, and after having highly praiſed her voice, he took this opportunity to preſent her with a Bracelet of Diamonds. *Roxelane* whoſe Birth was but mean, and who had bid adieu to her own Country, to purchaſe with her Voice thoſe advantages, fortune had refuſed to beſtow upon her, thought her ſelf fortunate in her ſlavery,

very, and left no argument untouched to bring *Donna Emanuela* (such was the fair *Spaniſh* Ladies name) into a better temper, and to perſwade her, not to give her ſelf over to her ſorrow; but that fair one, who had not the ſame reaſons to bear up, did hearken to no counſels, and was continually weeping. Our *Baſhaw* ſeeing, *Roxolane* was mighty ſenſible of his civil and gentle carriage towards her, call'd her once in private, and after he had exaggerated the great account he made of a perſon of ſo rare and excellent qualifications, he told her, he would make of her the moſt happy Slave in the World, if ſhe would in good earneſt eſpouſe his intereſt, and engage to perform what he would preſcribe her. *Roxolane* who had but an ordinary ſhare of Beauty, and did never pretend to a very ſevere honeſty, was e'en apt to think ill of the *Turks* palate, and did already prepare a favourable anſwer to his Gallantry, when he imparted to her the ſecret of his paſſion, and his deſign to place her near *Baſch-*

lari,

lari, that she might help his love, and keep the heart of the Princess besieged in his behalf; he made her so inticing a Picture of the inner part of the *Serraglio*, and of the happy life of them that wait upon the *Sultanesses*, that she, hoping thereby to better her condition, promised him a blind obedience to his commands, and a careful and exact performance thereof. *Cara Mustapha* was exceeding well pleased at her readiness, and now thought of sending his Presents to the *Sultan* and *Sultaneßes*, that he might have a colour to send to *Baschlari* the rich Looking-glass, without danger of discovering the Mystery of his Love, he would fain have sent *Donna Emanuela* to the Grand Seignior, but being well acquainted with the fancy of the Prince, who was no way inclined to black beauties, and expecting an high ransom from a Person of so eminent a quality, he alter'd his mind.

Amongst all the Presents he sent to *Baseh-lari*, nothing was more acceptable to her, than the mirrour; but

but when a Christian She-slave, explained to her the *Motto* of the little *Cupids*, *felice chi e amato*, she did more attentively examined it, and found it more and more worthy of her esteem, well conceiving, *Cara Mustapha* would not have Presented her with it without a design. The Voice of *Roxelane* was wondered at in the Palace, and both the *Sultan* and *Sultanesses* would several times have the entertainment of her Singing; as for *Basch-lari*, although she was mighty pleased with it, yet she made more of her Company, because *Mustapha* was always the subject matter of their conversation: she did always commend to the Princess, either his good meen, his wit, his courage, or his unparalell'd passion for her: In all these discourses, she did often mention the handsome *Spanish* Lady, not being able to forbear praising her excellent parts, as many times as she had occasion to name her; and her indiscreet zeal for *Mustapha* went so far as to commend him several times for his civility and kindness towards this fair

Slave,

Slave. That unſeaſonable way of commendation wrought upon the Princeſſes mind quite contrary to her expectation; ſhe fancied it was not impoſſible but that Slave were loved by *Muſtapha*, ſince he had not ſent her to the Grand Seignior; in a word ſhe came to that height of ſuſpicion and jealouſie, that ſhe turned into as many crimes, all the particulars of the *Baſhaws* handſome uſage toward *Donna Emanuela.*

The *Sultaneſs Validé* was indeed a great admirer of fine voices, but yet ſhe diſcovered new graces, unknown to any other but her, in *Roxelane*, when ſhe reflected upon her coming from *Muſtapha*, and that ſhe could by her hear of the preſent condition, and circumſtances of her Lover. Therefore ſhe feigned to ſpend whole Nights without ſleeping, and upon this fair pretence, deſired *Baſch-lari* to give her *Roxelane* for a while, that the charm of her voice might eaſe her in her ſo long and troubleſome watches.

The Princeſs durſt not refuſe her, and

and passing by all the secret reasons she had to keep that Slave by her self, she must yield her to the intreaties of the *Sultaness* Mother, for as long as she would. The *Sultaness* begun to work upon her with Presents, then feigning her self to be much concerned in her misfortunes, she cunningly brought her upon the narrative, of the taking of the Man of War she was Shipt in. *Roxolane* who served the times, turn'd all to the advantage of the *Turks*, and inserted in her discourse so many passages glorious to *Mustapha*, that the *Sultaness* was moved at them, and stuck not to tell her this *Bashaws* interests were very dear to her remembrance, nay, that she had just now procured him the place of *Caimakan*, which is the first dignity of the Empire, next to the Grand Visier's. *Roxolane* ravisht with joy for these good news, went on in her Commendation of *Mustapha*'s qualities, and well perceiving, the *Sultaness* had an extraordinary kindness for him, even to shew a great desire to see him possessed with his

his new dignity of *Caimakan*, which ſhould engage him to a conſtant attendance upon the Grand Seignior, ſhe was deceived by ſo likely appearances; and thinking, the *Sultaneſſes* inclination did not go farther than a vertuous eſteem for *Muſtapha*, truſted her with the intrigue of his Love with *Baſch-lari*, and earneſtly intreated her to ſee that match made, aſſuring her, ſhe could never do any better, or more acceptable ſervice to him, than this: So unexpected a confidence ſmote the *Sultaneſſes* heart, like a Thunderbolt; ſhe bid her to tell again and again, what ſhe had indeed too well heard for her peace at the firſt time; and fearing, leſt the Slave might perceive the unconquerable trouble ſhe was in, ſhe promiſed her to remember *Muſtapha's* buſineſs, and quickly retired into her Cloſet, where ſhe gave her ſelf over to all ſuch tranſports, as a cruel jealouſie can breed in a ſlighted Woman. After a thouſand projects of revenge, ſhe found at laſt ſome comfort to think ſhe could, with her credit and

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intrigues, put a ſtop to a paſſion ſo ruinous both to her glory and love. She begun accordingly with ſeeking new pretences to keep *Roxelane* in her apartment, for fear ſhe might diſcover to *Baſch-lari*, what had paſſed between them, and ſo quite ſpoil her deſigns.

In the mean while, *Muſtapha* comes to the Court, where he finds himſelf far leſs ſenſible of the Grand Seigniors new preferment, than of the happineſs of being ſo near his adorable Princeſs. Upon his arrival he preſented the *Sultan*, *Sultaneſſes*, and chief Eunuchs with Magnifick Preſents; and being conſcious of the ſo many obligations the *Sultaneſs* Mother had heaped upon him, he thought it his next duty, to make application to the *Kehaia* for a ſecret entertainment with her; the *Sultaneſs* being ſatisfied of his ingratitude, and yet exceeding well pleaſed at his continuing to court her, refuſed it at firſt, and ſent the Eunuch packing; but that motion of pride proved too weak, to reſiſt the plea of her own heart

heart in behalf of *Muſtapha*. She call'd back the *Kehaia*, e'en aſſoon as ſhe had bid him retire, and commanded him to bring with his uſual precautions, the *Caimakan* into her Chamber. Aſſoon as *Muſtapha* came in, he with an affected tranſport of joy, caſt himſelf at the *Sultaneſſes* feet; but ſhe, far from helping him up again, as ſhe uſed to do before, rebuked him ſeverely, and chooſe the moſt injurious reproaches to upbraid him with his perfidy. *Vile Slave, ſaith ſhe, Chriſtian Brood, which I have from the very duſt of Mankind, lifted up to the ſecond dignity of this Grand Empire, doſt thou believe me ſo inſenſible of my glory, as to hearken to thy tales, while I am convinced, thou cheateſt me, and that with an unpreſidented ingratitude, thou makeſt a ſacrifice of thy heart to a perſon famed, but by Aiſan's ſlighting of her, and who is altogether unworthy to come into a Paralell with me, who am uſed to the adorations of the Rulers of the World.* *Muſtapha* overwhelmed with theſe ſo cruel reproaches of the *Sultaneſs*,

and wondering at her being ſo far acquainted with his ſecret, durſt neither anſwer, nor lift up his Eyes to look on her. *Speak thou, perfidious Wretch, continued ſhe, ſpake, is it not true, thou loveſt* Baſch-lari? *I confeſs, anſwered then* Muſtapha, *that I have deſerved Death, ſince I have been ſo unfortunate as to incur your diſpleaſure, but canſt thou deny, replyed ſhe, that thou haſt ſent a Chriſtian Slave to the Princeſs, with a very ſtrict order never to let ſlip any occaſion to entertain her in thy favour? 'tis true, ſaid* Muſtapha, *I have ſent indeed a Slave to the Princeſs, and as I know that Chriſtians are very ill bred, and know not what reſpect is due to the* Ottoman *Blood, I will not diſown it, I took care to inſtruct her; and becauſe ſhe doth not very well underſtand* La Lingua Franca, *ſhe muſt needs have miſtaken my words.* Though the *Sultaneſs* was ſatisfied in her judgment, that he was guilty, yet ſhe did ſo much wiſh to have him cleared, that ſhe allowed of this ſlight reaſon, and heartily forgave him, flattered with this thought, that

that if he had felt ſome tender motions for *Baſch lari*, he did truly repent it. *Muſtapha* took his leave after a World of Oaths, that he would rather undergo a Thouſand Deaths, than to give her the leaſt occaſion of diſpleaſure; he was ſo much troubled at the *Sultaneſſes* anger, and over all, to ſee her ſo near acquainted with the Myſtery of his Love, that during a great many days he ſuffered all the torments a moſt diſquieted mind is ſubject unto, a Thouſand things perplexed him at once; on one ſide he feared the *Sultaneſs*, on the other, he loved *Baſch lari*; he would not diſpleaſe the *Sultaneſs* for fear of ruining his fortune; but he could not live, without hearing of his Princeſs; he was jealous of any thing he doubted, whether *Roxelane* had betrayed him or not; and in caſe he ſhould ſend a *Selam* to *Baſch-lari*, he was afraid that the *Sultaneſs* ſhould be acquainted with it. After he had long floated among ſo many vexatious thoughts, he reſolved at laſt upon undoing himſelf, rather than to be any longer ig-

norant how his caſe ſtood in the Princeſs's mind. Another Eunuch, whom he won with much bribing, took upon himſelf to deliver into her own hands a *Selam*, by whoſe ſilent Language, he aſſured her, that he was inſenſible to any other pleaſure in the World, but to that of thinking he would love her for ever; and intreated her to believe that he had rejoyced at the new favour the *Sultan* was pleaſed of late to beſtow on him, but becauſe he grew thereby leſs unworthy of her alliance. In the mean time, *Baſch lari*, whoſe mind was ſtill poſſeſſed with the opinion, that the *Caimakan* Loved *Donna Emanuela*, had ſince confirmed her ſelf into it, becauſe of the ſo long ſilence of her lover, but more, eſpecially, ſince ſhe was told that having upon his return made ſeveral conſiderable Preſents to the *Sultan*, he had ſtill kept by himſelf the *Spaniſh* Lady. Such was her mind when the *Selam* came; ſhe hardly took time enough to view it, and returned preſently a ſmall Box, which *Muſtapha* received

received with all joy imaginable, not doubting in the leaſt, but it was full of Musk and Amber. The great deſire, he had to know the true ſentiments of his Princeſs, did not permit him to put off one minute, the opening of the Box; but, oh ſtrange amazement! he found it fill'd up with Rue, which herb ſhews, in that Language of *Selams*, the uttermoſt indignation; he was near to dye with deſpair, at the ſight of ſo convincing a Witneſs of his misfortune; after he had long vexed his mind, and gueſſed at the true cauſe of his Miſtriſſes anger, he fancied that *Roxelane* had betrayed him; and upon this account conceived ſuch a general hatred for all Chriſtians, that without any other ground, he put a very ill uſage upon all thoſe, who were in his power, and cauſed *Donna Emanuela* to be clapt into a Dungeon, declaring her in plain *Turk*, her life ſhould be accountable to him for *Roxelane*'s perfidy. The *Spaniſh* Lady, who did not apprehend the meaning of theſe words, and dayly expected to be re-

deemed by her Parents, was ſo frighted with the *Caimakan's* threatnings, that ſhe laid ſeveral days under the horrours of preſent Death, and without any comfort or hope of ever recovering her liberty.

Now, the Princeſs *Baſch-lari*, who was not yet undeceived about the pretended infidelity of her Lover, made her buſineſs to ſpeak upon any occaſion of the *Spaniſh* Lady's perfections, even to that degree of Womanly malice, that ſhe ſaid in the preſence of the Grand Seignior, that if all that, *Roxelane* publiſhed of that Chriſtian Womans charms were true, there was no ſuch beauty in all the *Serraglio*. This word ſlipt out of her mouth as at unawares, ſtirred up the curioſity of the *Sultan*, who complained to *Muſtapha*, for that he had not preſented him with that handſome Slave, and bid him to ſend for her forthwith. She was brought, but ſo changed by the ſorrow ſhe felt for the loſs of her liberty, and the bad uſage of *Muſtapha*, that the Grand Seignior found not her beauty anſwerable.

ſwerable to the Picture, *Baſch-lari* made him of it; however ſhe remained in the Palace, and did nevertheleſs give great jealouſie to the *Sultaneſſes*, who had been allarmed at the report of her perfections, and at the Grand Seignior's earneſtneſs to ſee her. *Baſch-lari*, whoſe jealous Eyes found out a Hundred faults in her Face and Features, delighted much in vexing that poor innocent Maid, and asked her, one day, if ſhe was not very ſorry to part from the *Caimakan*. *Donna Emanuela* modeſtly anſwered, that ever ſince the beginning of her captivity, ſhe knew no interruption in her misfortunes; that however, ſhe found her condition much bettered in the *Serraglio*, ſince ſhe was no more expoſed to the threatnings of the moſt cruel Man in the World, ſhe was moved at theſe words, and with great eagerneſs deſcanted upon the hard uſage, ſhe had received from *Muſtapha*. The Princeſs, though ſhe much pitied the *Spaniſh* Maids miſery, did nevertheleſs feel a ſecret tickling joy at thoſe complaints

ſhe made againſt her Lover ; and though one cannot but be moved at the hearing of a Friend's misfortune, yet 'tis very true, that in this occaſion, all the cruelties of *Muſtapha* to his Slave, were put to account of merit by *Baſch lari*, who knew, at laſt, her errour, and much repented her having ſent to him a *Selam* made up with Rue. After ſhe was fully convinced of the injuſtice of her ſuſpicion, ſhe felt a ſecret ſhame for it, and upbraided her ſelf with her jealouſie, as a weakneſs unworthy of an *Ottoman* Princeſs. In the mean while, the *Caimakan* vexed to the higheſt degree at the laſt tokens of her anger, was ſtill minding how to juſtifie himſelf; 'twas hard to do it: The Pallace was inacceſſible to him, he durſt not truſt the Eunuchs, and ſaw a Thouſand almoſt invincible obſtacles, that oppoſed his approaching *Baſch lari*, however all thoſe difficulties diſheartned him not. It came in his mind to make application to the *Sultaneſs* her Mother. She lived in the old *Serraglio*, and becauſe

becauſe the Perſons that are ſent thither, are not kept under ſo ſtrict a confinement, as in the other, it was eaſie to him to ſend Preſents to that *Sultaneſs*, who ſeeing her ſelf out of favour, was overjoyed, that one of the moſt powerful Officers of the Empire ſhould ſeek for her Friendſhip. She made on her ſide all ſuitable advances to anſwer the eſteem he ſhewed for her, and meet him half the way; ſo that *Muſtapha* ſeeing her well diſpoſed, acquainted her with his Love for the Princeſs her Daughter, and aſſur'd her, if he ſhould ever become her Son in Law, ſhe might expect from him an entire, and perfect obedience to her commands. The *Sultaneſs* did joyfully approve of his wooing, and proffer'd him her intereſt at Court to bring him to happineſs. The *Caimakan* thanked her with much reſpect, but let her underſtand, 'twas more to the purpoſe to make ſure of the heart of the Princeſs, than of the *Sultan*'s conſent. The *Sultaneſs*, upon the firſt opportunity failed not to ſpeak a

good word to her Daughter in favour of *Muſtapha*, and ſhewed her the great advantages, that muſt needs attend her Marrying ſo puiſſant a Miniſter. That long ſilence, the *Caimakan* had been forced unto, did a little perplex the Princeſs's mind; therefore, ſhe was not ſorry, that her Mother would manage her intereſt, and ſhe anſwered her, with a bluſh, ſhe would willingly Marry *Muſtapha*, if the Grand Seignior commanded it. That converſation was not hidden to the *Caimakan*; *Baſchlari's* Mother gave him a faithful account thereof; and conceiving through the modeſty of her anſwer, that ſhe was appeaſed, he ſent her a *Selam*, wherein he got ſuch Flowers as might beſt aſſure her of the unſhaken fidelity of his love, and of the pleaſure, he felt for his being reconciled with her. The Princeſs was not inſenſible of his great zeal; at firſt, ſhe would have return'd him a Box full of all ſorts of perfumes, but upon better thoughts, and leaſt ſo kind a *Selam* might ſhew too much the ſentiments

of

of her heart, she was contented to send him a Box, wherein he found a small piece of white linnen, which is a token of peace, he received it with much satisfaction, nay he would have it inchased into a rich Watch, which ever since he wore always about him, kissing it a Thousand times in a day.

The *Sultaness Validé*, who was never wanting new pretences to keep *Roxolane* by her, that she might not speak to the Princess in behalf of *Mustapha*, begun at last to perceive, he was grown less forward in his duties, and attendance upon her than formerly. This remissness permitted her not to doubt any longer, but he was bound Slave to the Princess, her jealousie discover'd to her, so many other circumstances, that in the first transport of her anger, she thought of utterly undoing that ungrateful *Bashaw*, but having not vertue enough to countenance so violent a resolution, she fancied, that if *Basch-lari* were once Marryed, *Mustapha* having no more hope to arrive to the possession

of

of his Miſtriſs, might eaſily forget her: As ſhe had ſtill much credit with the Grand Seignior her Son, 'twas not long e're ſhe moved to him a Match for the Princeſs, and urged ſo many reaſons for it, that he gave his conſent, caſting his eyes upon the *Baſhaw* of *Aleppo*, to honour him with his alliance; he ſent him word thereof, by a Hatcherif, and bid him forthwith to take his Journey to *Conſtantinople*. The *Sultaneſs* raviſht with Joy, for a ſucceſs ſo advantageous to her paſſion, did no more trouble herſelf for any good office, *Roxelane* might do to *Muſtapha*, and ſent her back to the Princeſs, who found no ſmall comfort in complaining with her, of that cruel Match ſhe was threatned with; as for the unfortunate *Caimakan*, nothing may be compared with his grief, when he heard of a decree that left no hopes to his Love. The *Sultan's* orders being all irrevocable, he gave himſelf over to deſpair, ſeeing nothing at all that might help him: The *Sultaneſs* was grown odious to his remembrance, becauſe he knew well,

well, ſhe had alone adviſed that Marriage. The Grand Seignior ſeem'd unjuſt to his Judgment; nay, his own fortune was burdenſome to him, ſince he could no more, either ſhare it with, or ſacrifice it to the only perſon upon Earth, for whoſe ſake he loved to live. In this ſo general conſternation of his mind, he thought, he might eaſe himſelf, if he could but ſee his Princeſs pay ſome Tears, or ſome ſighs to their diſappointment. The fancy of ſo ſlight a comfort flattered him to ſuch a degree, that, *maugré* all dangers, that attended the Execution of this bold enterpriſe, he reſolved to ſpeak with her, chooſing rather to periſh than to be deprived of that Comfort. So having taken a reſolution ſo ſuitable to his love and deſpair, he begged a private audience of the *Sultaneſs* Mother, who commanded the *Kehaia* to introduce him by Night, diſguiſed in a Maids garb, as he was uſed to do; he got then into the *Serraglio*, and leaving aſide the *Sultaneſs Valide*'s apartment, he went ſtraightway to *Baſch-lari*'s, his

his garb deceived the Eunuchs that waited in her Chamber; they thought this *Itchoglaneſs* came from the *Sultaneſs* Mother, and gave her full liberty to approach the Princeſs, who was little leſs caſt down than her Lover, for whether her heart ſecretly pleaded for him, or ſhe feared to fall again into the hands of an Old Man, after the ſad experiment ſhe had made of *Aſſan*'s contempt, the very thought of her Match brought her to deſpair. She was much aſtoniſhed at the ſight of *Muſtapha*, and though her ſurpriſe and trouble hindered her to apprehend throughly, the dreadful danger he had run himſelf into, ſhe nevertheleſs, blamed the boldneſs of his attempt; but, what have I to ſpare, when I loſe you, fair Princeſs, ſaith he; ſince I muſt needs dye with grief, if I ſee you in any other Man's arms than mine, I had rather to dye by the hands of the Mutes, than to be forced to behold ſo diſmal a Spectacle. *Baſch-lari's* heart melted into Tears at theſe words, and left to her Eyes the care to give him a Thouſand

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Witneſſes of her gratitude, for ſuch a proof of his Love: but while they are ſo tenderly ingaged, the *Sultaneſs* Mother who waited for her Gallant, wondring at his not coming, ſent for the *Kehaia*, who aſſur'd her, that he had long ſince let in the *Caimakan*, and attended him pretty near her own Chamber. Then all her jealouſie awaked, ſhe doubted not but he was with the Princeſs, and fell into ſuch a fury to ſee her ſelf ſlighted by a Man, who notwithſtanding thoſe ſo many favours ſhe had heaped upon him, uſed her as a Cloak to cover his Love for another, that without any farther Examination, ſhe came to the *Kaden* or Governeſs of the Maids, and bid her preſently to adviſe the Grand Seignior, that a Man had dropped into the Womens apartment, and at the ſame time ſent word to the Mutes of the *Serraglio*, that they ſhould be ready for the puniſhment of that raſh mortal, aſſoon as the Grand Seigniors Orders were come, the Eunuchs begun to ſeek after that Wretch, who was eaſily found out juſt as he was

going

going to rejoyn the *Kehaia*. The *Sultan* highly incenſed at a boldneſs almoſt without preſident, would not have him Strangled by the Mutes; this Puniſhment not ſeeming to his Juſtice, cruel enough for ſo enormous a crime, he commanded, he ſhould be the next day publickly impaled in the great yard of the Palace. The *Kehaia* himſelf was arreſted, becauſe he is accountable for all that comes into the Womens *Serraglio*. Now the *Sultaneſs* hearing of the cruel decree of the *Sultan*, ſpent the whole Night in a great perplexity of mind. Sometimes ſhe applauſed her ſelf, and flattered her paſſion with the hope of being ſoon revenged of her treacherous Gallant, but a minute after ſhe repented to have cauſed ſuch a noiſe, and feared leaſt the *Caimakan* would diſcover her ſecret commerce with him; pity ſucceeded theſe wiſe reflections. That puniſhment, he was threatned with, ſeemed to her too cruel for a crime, which had no other principle but Love; and beſides that, minding that *Baſch lari*'s Marriage

riage was resolved upon, and that her departure would have infallibly broken the two Lovers measures, she curſed her own tranſport, and was in an extream impatience to ſee the break of day, that ſhe might go and beg the criminal's pardon. She thought moreover, if ſhe diſcovered to the *Sultan*, that *Muſtapha* had been ſo bold as to enter into *Baſch-lari's* apartment, it would be a hard caſe to hinder his death, and though ſhe found an unvaluable pleaſure in undoing her rival, yet ſhe chooſe to bereave her ſelf of it, and renounce ſo tickling and ſo ſweet a revenge, rather than to exaſperate her Sons ſpirit with ſo odious a circumſtance. At break of day, ſhe run into the *Sultans* apartment. Dear Lyon, ſaith ſhe, it is the *Caimakan*, who hath been found diſguiſed in a Maids garb; no doubt, the violent paſſion, he had for the *Spaniſh* Lady, put him out of his wits; I am very ſorry for it, becauſe he was a faithful Servant to thy Highneſs, he deſerves indeed to dye; but, thy ſervice being prefer-

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able before all, look thou whether it be not leſs inconvenient, to pardon him, than to deprive thy ſelf of a Miniſter ſo zealous of thy glory. The *Sultan* ſurpriſed at the name of *Muſtapha* call'd to mind, in that critical minute, the great and important ſervices he had received from him, and finding much likely-hood in all that his Mother ſaid, he told her he was ſorry, that he had been arreſted, becauſe he did not at all concern himſelf for the *Spaniſh* Slave, nay that he had repented to have taken her away from him.

At the ſame time, he granted his pardon, but was not ſo indulgent to the *Kehaia*, whom he commanded abſolutely to be ſtrangled; nevertheleſs, the *Sultaneſs* Mother ſo earneſtly ſued for his life; that, though with much ado, ſhe at laſt obtained he ſhould not dye; but he muſt loſe his place, and be turned out of the Palace. So *Muſtapha* was ſet at liberty, when he expected nothing but Death, and as great Monarchs know well how to ſeaſon their favours, the

The *Sultan* being perſwaded, he was in Love with the *Spaniſh* Lady, ſent her back again to him two days after, and *Muſtapha* had ever ſince that time, all reſpect imaginable for *Donna Emanuela*, becauſe he lookt upon her as the Grand Seignior's Slave. In the mean while, the very terrours of Death had not been able to diminiſh his Love; he was on the contrary ſo bewitched with *Baſchlari's* charms, ſince his private converſation with her, that he grew more ſenſible than ever of that fatal Marriage, which was to rob him of his Princeſs, but eſpecially, when he heard, the *Baſhaw* of *Aleppo* her future Husband was upon his departure, and would ſhortly arrive at *Conſtantinople*. This news allarmed him ſo much, and his hatred for that rival increaſed to ſuch a degree, that he wholly bent his wit, to find a way how to undo him, and becauſe he knew well, that the *Baſhaws* who have Governments afar off the Court, do endeavour to grow rich by all ſorts of wicked ways, and the Peo-

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ple durſt not complain of their injuſtice, but after they are called home, he ſent one of his confidents to *Aleppo*, who did cunningly publiſh every where, that the *Baſhaw* ſhould never come back again. This falſe report wrought in the Peoples mind, as far as *Muſtapha* could wiſh, an infinite number of complaints were made againſt the *Baſhaw*; and the *Cadi* of *Aleppo*, who had a ſecret Order from the *Caimakan*, to examine carefully all that might ſerve a turn againſt him, he ſent, in a few days, to the Grand Viſier, an ample memorial of all his cruelties and miſdemeanors, he made the report thereof to the *Divan*, in the preſence of the Grand Seignior, who was ſo highly offended and incenſed thereby, that not expecting ſo much as the Grand Viſiers Vote, he ſent preſently a Chiaoux with a hatcherif to fetch his Head. This unfortunate *Baſhaw*, having no reaſon to fear ſuch an order from the Grand Seignior, who had lately deſigned him his Brother in Law, bid his Steward to bring the

the Chiaoux into a magnifick apartment, which he had prepared for the Princeſs with great cares and infinite expences. After he had given him ſufficient time to view all the riches of the place, that he might give a favourable account thereof to the Grand Seignior, he came to him to know what was his errand. The *Chiaoux* ſerved him with the fatal Hatcherif, and without any other complement threw a ſilk rope on his Neck, and Strangled him preſently. The Princeſs, who hated that Old *Baſhaw*, had the good fortune to ſucceed him in his vaſt Eſtate, though ſhe never ſaw him in her life; and *Muſtapha* being ſo happily rid of one whoſe life was ſo great an hindrance to his love, flattered himſelf now that nothing would oppoſe his happineſs, and contrived with the *Sultaneß* Mother of *Baſchlari*, that upon the next *Bayram*, at which time the *Sultaneſſes* of the Old *Serraglio* wait upon the Grand Seignior, ſhe ſhould recommend her Daughters intereſt to

his

his Highneſs, and move to him the intended Match.

Although the ſecret commerce of *Muſtapha* with the *Sultaneſs Valide* was ended, with the favour of the chief Eunuch, yet he ſtill managed her protection, and ſometimes ſent *Selams* to her, wherein he affected to ſhew himſelf very ſorrowful, for being ſo long bereft of the happineſs of her preſence. Theſe Witneſſes of a remnant of love did very little perſwade the *Sultaneſs*. She doubted not but *Muſtapha* had much contributed to the Death of the *Baſhaw* of *Aleppo*; however, becauſe Women do not willingly part with any of their Conqueſts, ſhe accepted of his *Selams*, and feigned to believe what they meant, but ſhe nevertheleſs, minded of Marrying *Baſch-lari*, and removing her from the Port. The Grand Viſier being dead in this juncture, all the Subjects of that vaſt Empire ſtood in great expectation of him that ſhould be raiſed to that height of honours. The *Sultaneſſes* and prime Eunuchs made their intereſts, every one

one in favour of their particular friends; but the *Sultan*, who had a great inclination to *Muſtapha*, preferred him before all the other candidates, and Proclaimed him his Grand Viſier, whereupon he received the complements of the whole Court, his very Enemies being the forwardeſt of all in ſending Magnifick Preſents to him. The *Sultaneſſes* whoſe intereſt it is to keep a good correſpondency with that firſt Miniſter, ſent ſecretly their emiſſaries to complement him in their behalf, every one of them reſpectively, endeavouring to let him underſtand, they had had a great influence in the Grand Seignior's choice. *Cara Muſtapha* being ſo arrived to the higheſt dignity a Subject of the *Ottoman* Empire may aſpire unto, did no more doubt but the *Sultan* would honour him with his alliance, and give him the Princeſs *Baſch-lari* in Marriage, and if ſometimes his love made him apprehenſive, and fearful of ſome difficulties, he preſently relyed upon the Grandeur of his fortune, which lifted

lifted him above all other Viſiers and *Baſhaws*, that might pretend to the poſſeſſion of his Miſtriſs.

The *Bayram* being come, the *Sultaneſs Krali* a very ambitious Woman, who hoped to get again in the Government of the State, if ever the Grand Viſier ſhould Marry her Daughter, waited upon the Grand Seignior, and ſo cunningly wrought upon him, that he approved of the Match, and promiſed her, he would ſhortly ſee it accompliſht. She failed not to acquaint the Grand Viſier with the good ſucceſs of her viſit, who was ſo tranſported with joy at theſe happy news that he ſet all his Slaves at liberty, the fair *Spaniſh* Lady alone did not enjoy that favour, becauſe having once entred the *Sultan's Serraglio*, the Viſier could not free her without his ſpecial Warrant; but that Prime Miniſter uſed her with ſo much civility and kindneſs, that ſuch a captivity might have been pleaſant to any other, but this charming Maid, who had ſecret reaſons to bewail ſtill the miſery of her State.

Although

although the Grand Visier had granted liberty to all his Slaves, yet there was found amongst them a young man of very good meen, who refused it. The Visier referring his refusal to the great Zeal he had for his service; proffered him several advantageous conditions, if he would turn *Turk*. The Slave answered him, he was so well satisfied with his fortune, that he would not change it for that of any *Bashaw* of the Port. So proud an answer surprised the Visier, who caused him to be secretly observed, he that was charged with it, acquainted him a little while after, that this young Slave spent whole Nights in weeping under the Windows of the *Spanish* Lady. The Visier conceiving he was in love with her, commanded him to be put in Fetters, and having sent for *Donna Emanuela*, told her, in a jesting way, that a Christian Slave did so passionately Love her, that he spent whole Nights under her Window, lying upon the ground; but that he would soon see her rid of that silly

Gallant, and cure him of his folly, with a daily doze of Five Hundred Baſtinadoes. She grew pale at theſe laſt words, and a deluge of Tears breaking out of her Eyes, ſtirr'd up the curioſity of the Grand Viſier, who earneſtly intreated her to tell him whether ſhe knew that Slave. *Donna Emanuela* ſeeing herſelf betrayed by her Tears, reſolved to diſcover her ſecret, and being afraid, the Viſier might perhaps, put a bad conſtruction upon her conduct, ſhe ſpoke to him in theſe terms.

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THE HISTORY OF DONNA EMANUELA

THat unhappy Slave you ſpeak of, my Lord, is called *Don Gaſpard de Toledo*, he is of one of the moſt Illuſtrious Families in *Spain*, *Donna Maria de Mendoza* his Mother, was bred together with mine in the Queens Palace, both under the quality of Majds of Honour; and though beauty doth always breed envy amongſt Perſons of the ſame rank in Royal Houſes, yet there was ſuch a conformity of humours and principles between them, that they never concealed any thing one from another,

and loved themſelves withas much ſincerity as tenderneſs. They were both Married the ſame year, and their love proved no leſs fervent and true after their Marriage, than while they were Maids. About the Years end *Donna Maria* was brought to Bed of the unfortunate *Don Gaſpard*; as for my Mother ſhe found her ſelf big with Child but three years after, and you ſee my Lord the product of her breeding. *Donna Maria* was exceeding glad that my Mother had brought into the World a Daughter, and e'en aſſoon as I was born, ſhe demanded me in Marriage for her Son; our Planets approved of our Mothers deſign, and bred between us ſuch a ſympathy, that we did prefer the pleaſure of being together, before all other divertiſements ſuitable to our Age; but our happineſs ended almoſt aſſoon as we begun to know it. *Don Gaſpard* was near twelve, and I eight years old, when my Father was ſent Ambaſſador to *Rome*, and took along with him all his Family; our Parents were very buſie,

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how to give us ſome comfort in this hard ſeparation, and found no better way to ſweeten our grief, than to conclude our Marriage, which was done with all uſual formalities, having both ſigned it by their command.

My Fathers Ambaſſy laſted Six Years, and becauſe he had been at vaſt expences in *Rome*, the Government of *Naples* was beſtowed upon him, as a recompence for his Charges; ſo that my Mother foreſeeing, we could not return ſo ſoon in *Spain*, wrote to that of *Don Gaſpard*, and deſired her to ſend him into *Italy*. They gave him an equipage anſwerable to his birth, and he departed. But *Don Gaſpard*, who then begun to be ſenſible of Martial glory, hearing of the Wars in the low Countries, took his Journey towards *Flanders*, and thought no more of *Naples*. My Mother who had been acquainted with his departure from *Spain*, was in a great trouble for him, and I muſt confeſs to you, my Lord, that I had a great ſhare in her ſorrow,

a while after we had intelligence from *Madrit*, that he was in *Flanders*. My Father was so offended at his coldness, or rather, slighting of me, that he would have broken all the bounds of our Engagement, had not my Mother sweetned his anger, and taken him from that resolution, though with no small pain. Peace having succeeded the War between the two Crowns, which balance the Affairs of *Europe*, and *Don Gaspard* having no more occasion to get glory, felt some impatience to see me again, but he was willing to satisfie his curiosity without being known, he came to *Milan*, and having communicated his design to the Prince of *Ligne*, who was then Governour of that Dukedom, he earnestly intreated him to give him leave to go under the name of his Son, and to write a recommendatory Letter to my Father, that upon account of their ancient friendship, he might hope a kind reception from him. The Prince, who was not ignorant of my being long since Married with *Don Gaspard*,

conceiving, he would uſe that Letter only to play upon me ſome gallant trick, that ſhould, at moſt, laſt one day or two, granted it to him in what manner he was pleaſed to have it. *Don Gaſpard* arrived at *Naples*, where he paſſed eaſily for the Prince of *Ligne*'s Son, for he was ſo changed ſince his Child-hood, that no body knew him again. My Father gave him an apartment in his Palace, and forgot nothing that might Witneſs the great eſteem he had both for the Father and the Son. The firſt time, I ſaw him at *Naples*, I wiſhed, my Lover might be as well made as he, he entertained me with ſo much wit, and I diſcovered in his Perſon ſo many excellent qualities, that I had a ſecret ſhame within my ſelf for that natural inclination I felt for him, fancying that I ought to eſteem none in the World but *Don Gaſpard*; ſo that I reſolved to ſhun the Company of a Cavalier, whoſe ſight might prove ſo ruinous to my vertue. In the mean time, my Father being extremely ſcandalized to

hear no more of *Don Gaſpard*, although the peace was made, was ſo ſatisfied with the young Prince of *Ligne*, that he ſaid ſeveral times to my Mother, he would willingly have him to his Son in Law, my Mother gave him a Thouſand reaſons to the contrary, and though ſhe did agree with him about the merit of the young Prince, yet ſhe could not reſolve to turn out the Son of *Donna Mendoza* her Friend. I had much to ſuffer in this juncture. My Father on one ſide would have me no more think of *Don Gaſpard*; on the other, my Mother repreſented to me as ſo many crimes, the leaſt thoughts of any other but him who was deſigned to be my Husband. My perplexity was ſuch as cannot be well imagined. I could not keep me from a great eſteem for the Prince of *Ligne*, but however my heart ſtood firm for *Don Gaſpard*. I will not trouble you, My Lord, with the ſeveral ways he uſed to corrupt my vertue, which held out againſt all his attacks; nay, I did ſo happily hide from him the

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ſecret motions of my heart, that he could never obſerve in my conduct any thing that might give him the leaſt hope. A little while after, my Father received a Letter from the Governour of *Milan*, wherein he begged his pardon for the little cheat he had put upon him, in writing a recommendatory Letter to him for *Don Gaſpard de Toledo*, under the Name of his Son, and wiſhed him much Joy for having choſen a Son in Law endowed with ſo many excellent parts. As he was already prepoſſeſt with a great eſteem for the Prince, he was overjoyed to find in him the true *Don Gaſpard*, he ſent immediatly for him, and all the attendants being retired, he embraced him with all the tenderneſs of a true Father, approved of his witty Plot and permitted him to carry it on ſtill. *Don Gaſpard* who fell at firſt in no ſmall confuſion, to ſee himſelf diſcovered, confeſſed to my Father, he had thought fit to know me before our Marriage, for fear of falling into that inconveniency which

is ſo common amongſt *Spaniards*, who ſlight their Wives, becauſe having never ſeen them before their engagement, they uſe themſelves to a poſſeſſion which was never mixed nor ſeaſoned with any allarm, and conſequently they never feel for them but very lukewarm and languiſhing paſſions; he added ſo many things to my advantage, that I could not rehearſe them without a bluſh. My Father left him, being extremely edified to ſee ſo much wiſdom in ſo tender a Youth. That very ſame day, he would have him ſit at Table with my Mother and me, which is lookt upon in our Country, as a very extraordinary favour, my Mother repined at it, and did her utmoſt to hinder it; but ſeeing my Father would abſolutely have it ſo, ſhe ceaſed to oppoſe it. After meat ſhe retired in her Chamber, and I was obliged to follow her. She told me, with tears, that ſhe could not apprehend the meaning of her Husband, but intreated me never to forget that I was bound to *Don Gaſpard*, and feign a

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Diſtemper rather than ſit again at Table with the Prince of *Ligne*. In the mean time, my Father not being able to ſee my Mother any longer in a bad humour, let her know that the falſe Prince of *Ligne* was the true *Don Gaſpard*, in Witneſs whereof he ſhewed her the Letter of the Governour of *Milan*. There was never a Joy like hers. She embraced her Husband an Hundred times, and recalling in her mind *Don Gaſpard*'s features, ſhe found that, indeed, he reſembled *Donna Maria de Mendoza*, and ſhe could not imagine how ſhe might have ſtaid ſo long in ſo groſs an errour. She was in a great impatience to ſee *Don Gaſpard* and imbrace him, but my Father who had bound himſelf to ſecrot, earneſtly intreated her to be ſilent, nay to conceal ſtill from me the buſineſs for a while, as I was ignorant of all theſe particulars, I lived in a great perplexity of mind. I pleaded indiſpoſition according to my Mothers command, but yet I inſinuated to my Father, that I was well enough to

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go and ſit at Table with him, he was angry with me, for that out of complaiſance to her, I failed once to be there, but on a ſudden, I ſaw a ſtrange alteration in my Mother's carriage, ſhe did no more oppoſe it, on the contrary, ſhe bid me ſit at Table every day juſt by the Prince, and dreſſed me with her own Jewels to ſet off my Beauty; I perceived at the ſame time, that ſhe had an extraordinary kindneſs for him upon all occaſions; nay, ſhe affected to withdraw in her Cloſet after meal, and commanded me to ſtay by my Father, who uſually plaid at Cheſs with an old Chaplain of his, ſo that the falſe Prince was in full liberty to court me; which indeed he performed with ſo much paſſion, and in ſo tender and inticing a manner, that I was e'en ready to ſurrender, when my Mother did well perceive my weakneſs, and being afraid like a prudent Woman, that I would perhaps too favourably anſwer his Fires, and that *Don Gaſpard* would not approve of the Princes's progreſs upon my

my heart, discovered me the intrigue of his disguise, and recommended me over all, not to give him the least suspicion that I were acquainted with it. I resolved at first to be revenged of this trick, and to punish him soundly, who was the contriver thereof; but it was impossible for me to dissemble long, and I found so much pleasure in thinking that I could, without failing to my former engagement with *Don Gaspard*, satisfie the secret Inclination I had to the Prince, that I had not vertue enough to shew him the least indignation; nay, far from frowning upon him, I sought his company, and admired all that he said, and kept with him as long as decency could allow, and when I was obliged to retire, it was always with a secret impatience to see him again; he had for me the same sentiments I had for him, but with this notable difference, that he enjoyed the pleasure to express them to me an Hundred times a day, whereas I lived in a continual reserve, being forced to conceal mine from him,

but

but at last his passion grew so violent that he came to my Father, desired him to accompany him to my apartment, to tell me his true name, and bring quickly our Marriage to an happy conclusion. I was so troubled, when my Father presented him to me, and I was so little attentive to his complement, that I have quite forgot it; but this I remember well, that *Naples* was preparing to honour our Wedding with Magnifick Feasts, and all manner of publick rejoycings, just at the time when Letters came from *Spain*, by which we were informed of the Death of *Don Gaspard*'s Father. This unseasonable news broke all our measures. It was resolved, *Don Gaspard* should ride Post to *Madrit*, and that, for his Mother's comfort, we should be Married in *Spain*, whither I was to go by Sea three Months after. I will not trouble you, My Lord, with the sad account of our grief, when we left one another; but it is certain that I had a foresight of those misfortunes that have befallen us since, and that I

swooned

ſwooned away within my Mothers Arms, when he took his leave of me. Aſſoon as he was arrived in *Spain*, he wrote to my Father, and deſired him to ſend me thither before the three Months we had agreed upon were expired. My Father who had a great deſire to ſee me Married with that young Lord; whoſe merit and vertue were well known to him, thought fit to grant him his requeſt; I imbarked, and after a long and troubleſome Navigation, our Sea-men told us, they had diſcovered the Coaſt of *Spain*, this news made me forget all the toils of ſo painful a Journey, and I did already flatter my ſelf with the hopes of ſeeing ſhortly my Lover, who expected me at *Barcelona*; when you made your ſelf Maſter of our Ship. *Don Gaſpard*'s heart was broke at the tidings of my ſad adventure, his courage or rather his Love, did not permit him to ſtay for any ſuccour from my Father. He provided himſelf with a conſiderable Summ of Money, and took Ship together with ſome Religious Men,

who

who depart every year from *Spain*, for the Redemption of Christian Slaves in the Dominions of the Grand Seignior; having Landed at *Constantinople*, he was told, that I could no more be Redeemed, because I was shut up in the *Serraglio*, and what care soever he took to hear of me, it was impossible for him to do it. All his Friends advised him to return home, but he would not follow their Counsels, he stayed in *Constantinople*, though bereft of all hopes of ever seeing me again, he heard nevertheless of some *Jews*, that I had been sent back in your *Serraglio*; he proffered them an ample reward, if they could but get him a place in your Houshould. As nothing seems hard to those Mercenary Souls, when they have a prospect to satisfie their insatiable avarice, they gave him great hopes; but however, after they had vainly tryed all sorts of ways to compass their design, they told him 'twas altogether impossible to do it, because, there was no President that a *Mussulman* had ever kept Christians

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in his ſervice, except they were his Slaves. Theſe difficulties diſheartned him not, and he did very willingly conſent that the *Jews* ſhould ſell him to your *Kehaia*; after which he found a way at laſt how to diſcover himſelf to me, and notwithſtanding the great alteration of his fortune, I preſently knew him again. Now ſee, my Lord, continued *Donna Emanuela*, if he deſerves to be ſo ſeverely dealt with as you had deſigned.

The Grand Viſier was moved at this Speech, and after he had commanded his *Kehaia* to ſee *Don Gaſpard* put out of Fetters, he aſſured the *Spaniſh* Lady, that her condition was not ſo unfortunate as ſhe fancied, ſince the Grand Seignior whoſe Slave ſhe was could permit her to Marry her Lover, and beſtow upon them both ſuch an Eſtate, as might equal if not ſurpaſs that which they had left behind them in their own Country; that they ſhould but cauſe themſelves to be inſtructed with the Law of *Mahomet*; to enable him thereby to ſpeak in their behalf to the *Sultan*,

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and procure them all manners of benefits from his Highneſs; which elſe he could not do, becauſe his Religion did forbid him to concur any way to the ſettlement of a Chriſtian; he would or could not ſtay for her anſwer, but ſent immediatly to both of them; his Doctors to teach them the Precepts of the *Alcoran*, being very confident, that loving one another to ſuch an high degree of tenderneſs, they would never refuſe thoſe ſo advantageous conditions he proffered to them; but theſe couple of Heroick Souls ſtood firm and unſhaken in their Religion, and after they had given one another a Thouſand aſſurances, that their mutual love ſhould indure as long as their life, they reſolved in preſence of the *Turkiſh* Divines, rather to dye than to renounce Chriſtianity. The Grand Viſier being acquainted with their reſolution ſpoke again to *Donna Emanuela*, and let her know that ſhe muſt bid an eternal farewell to *Don Gaſpard*, if ſhe would be ſo obſtinately bent upon her Religion; nay, that

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he was a going to embark him in a Ship, that was ready to sail for *Spain*, but all these threatnings did not shake her constancy. She answered still with the same courage, and her vertue carried it over her Love. The Grand Visier applyed himself next to *Don Gaspard*, urged to him all sorts of reasons and arguments drawn out of the interest of his Love and Fortune, but all in vain, so that seeing it was not lawful for him, according to the Principles of his Religion, to help them in these circumstances, he forced the *Jews*, who had sold *Don Gaspard* to pay his ransom, and sent him back in his own Country.

Whilst the Grand Visier waited with an unspeakable impatience, for the Grand Seignior's Orders upon his Marriage with the Princess *Basch-lari*; that Monarch who did never take a final resolution upon any thing, but more especially upon such matters as regarded the Princes, or Princesses of his Family, without first consulting the *Sultaness Valide* his Mother, imparted to her his design to match

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the Grand Vifier with his Sifter, and related to her all thofe reafons, the *Sultaneſs Krali* had urged to him, to move him thereunto. The *Sultaneſs Validé* needed the ſuccour of all his wit to put by this dreadful Blow. She feigned at firſt to approve of the *Sultan's* project, and added yet other reaſons to confirm her Son in this reſolution: but (oh what is not a cunning and jealous Woman capable to do) after a ſilence of ſome moments ſhe ſaid, that when the Prince hath once truſted a Miniſter with the whole conduct of his Empire, he cannot be too cautious, or do too much to engage him in his intereſt by all poſſible means; that, for her, for from diſliking a deſign ſo conformable to the good of the State, ſhe thought 'twas not enough to Match his Sifter with the Grand Viſier, but moved further that, to bind him with a nearer alliance, he ought to give him his Daughter, though then but Five Years old. She upheld her motion with ſo many other arguments, that ſhe perſwaded the

Grand

Grand Seignior of the reaſonableneſs thereof, and he promiſed her to follow it. This *Sultaneſs*, whoſe aim was only to break the meaſures of our Lovers, was not contented with the reſolution of the *Sultan*, to make of the Grand Vifier his Son in Law, her jealouſie did yet require a more cruel revenge. She ſhewed a great concern for the eſtabliſhment of the Princeſs *Baſch-lari*, and intreated the *Sultan* to prevent all the complaints of the *Sultaneſs Krali* her Mother, by Matching her with *Baſhaw Aſaſp*, upon whom at the ſame time he might beſtow the Government of *Buda*, which is one of the moſt important and conſiderable poſt of the whole Empire. The Grand Seignior having approved of all his Mother's Counſels, thanked her for her great Zeal to his intereſt; the next day he ſent for *Cara Muſtapha*, to whom he declared his reſolution to honour him with his alliance, by giving him in Marriage his only Daughter, which was the richeſt and deareſt treaſure he had in the World, and the infallibleſt

libleſt Witneſs, he might have of his being fully ſatisfied with his ſervices. *Muſtapha* ſtood ſo amazed, and ſo overwhelmed with anguiſh at this cruel diſcourſe, that the *Sultan* ſhould have certainly perceived the great trouble, which was ſpread all over his Face and Perſon, had not he, to hide his commotion, caſt himſelf at the Feet of his Maſter, which he embraced a long while, without uttering one Word. The *Sultan* who attributed this reſpectful ſilence to an exceſs of joy for ſo pleaſant a news, told him at the ſame time of *Baſchlari's* Match with *Baſhaw Aſaſ*, whom upon account thereof he made Governour of *Buda*. The unfortunate Viſier reſented this addition of grief in a manner, that can be better imagined than expreſſed. The *Sultan* ſeeing him ſtill proſtrated at his Feet, and that he would not riſe up, thought to the purpoſe to ſpare him the confuſion of an anſwer, upon ſo nice an Affair, and retired ſtill perſwading himſelf, that *Muſtapha's* ſilence could have

have no other cauſe but the exceſs of his Joy.

Aſſoon as he was alone, he gave himſelf over to deſpair, ſeeing no condition in the whole World more unhappy than his, he revolved in his mind, that he had arrived to the higheſt dignities of the Empire, far leſs by his ambition, than by his Love, which had made him vigilant and active in hope of pleaſing his Princeſs; that after he had ventured his life to inform her of his paſſion, that ſame love had prompted him with means how to undo the *Baſhaw* of *Aleppo* her deſigned Husband; that he had rejoyced at his preferment to the place of Grand Viſier, but becauſe he grew thereby leſs unworthy of his Princeſs; that he had ingaged the *Sultaneſs Krali* to ſpeak in his behalf; that the Grand Seignior had liked the motion of his Match, and that after all that he muſt ſpend his life in a continual Slavery with a Child of Five Years, and ſee his Princeſs in another's Arm, or to ſay better, never ſee her any more, ſince ſhe

ſhe muſt go to *Buda* with her Husband; theſe cruel reflections afflicted him ſo much, that he ſhould have forgot to ſend the uſual preſents to the Grand Seignior's Daughter, had not his friends, hearing of the Honour this Monarch had beſtowed upon him, earneſtly intreated him to anſwer it, and to preſent the Young Princeſs with Slaves, Toilets, Gowns, and Jewels, according as it is practiſed in ſuch like occaſions. The Grand Viſier paſſed many days in private, during which he granted audience to no Body, and found no better comfort than to let *Baſch-lari* know his deſpair, and aſſure her, that in ſpight of all the Grand Seigniors violence and injuſtice, he was reſolved to venture a Thouſand lives, for to convince her, he would love her to his laſt breath; but *Baſhaw Aſaſp* having uſed the Precaution to draw in, with rich preſents, the *Sultaneſs Krali* to his party, ſhe ſpoke to her Daughter in his Favour, and cunningly let her underſtand, that the Grand Viſier, being

being Maſter of the Empire, it would have been eaſie for him to Marry her, if ſacrificing his love to his ambition, he had not preferred the quality of Son in Law, of the Grand Seignior before that of Brother. The Princeſs who found a great likelyhood in her Mothers reaſons, was ſenſibly moved at that contempt, and reſolved to forget the Grand Viſier; but all the efforts ſhe made to conquer it, were fruitleſs. She endeavoured to ſtifle that ſecret inclination, ſhe felt for him; but it had got ſo deep and ſo ſtrong a root within her heart, that this rebellious heart did always revolt againſt her reaſon; and all that ſhe had been told of her Lovers ingratitude, was not ſufficient to blot out his ſweet *Idea* of her mind; however, though ſhe had an extreme repugnancy for a March with *Baſhaw Aſaſp*; ſhe muſt follow the ſtream of her deſtiny, and her Mother made her at laſt reſolve to obey the irrevocable Orders of the Grand Seignior. The *Sultaneſs Validé* whoſe aim was only to remove, aſſoon as

ſhe could, ſo dangerous a rival, perſwaded the *Sultan* to make her depart upon the very ſame day of the Ceremony of her Marriage, which was performed with ſuch rigour, that ſhe had not ſo much liberty allowed to her, as to wait upon her Mother in the old *Serraglio*, to bid her the laſt adieu. The Grand Vifier got nevertheleſs his *Selam* preſented to the Princeſs, that ſame fatal day; ſhe received it without knowing almoſt what ſhe was a doing, being toſſed with an infinite number of confuſed and oppoſite motions; yet, *maugré* her anger, and all thoſe bounds ſhe had juſt now entred into, ſhe found ſome comfort in receiving a *Selam* from her Lover, though ſhe conceived, that he could not alledge any good reaſon, to excuſe his perfidy; but when ſhe knew through the diſpoſition and quality of the Flowers the *Selam* was compounded with, that *Muſtapha* was brought to deſpair, and aſſured her of an everlaſting love, that knowledge ſerved but to increaſe her grief, and to make

make her more ſenſible of ſo cruel a ſeparation. *Roxelane* who with her diſcourſes had always nouriſhed and cultivated her love for the Grand Viſier, in hopes of obtaining her liberty after their Marriage, was no leſs caſt down than her Lady. This conformity of ſentiments, or perhaps, a ſecret pleaſure the Princeſs felt in talking of *Muſtapha*, with a Perſon that was in his intereſt, made her complain to that Slave, for to try her mind, of the perfidy of the Viſier, who after having made a Sacrifice of her to his ambition, was yet ſo cruel as to increaſe her anguiſh with vain endeavours to perſwade her by moſt paſſionate *Selams*, that he did loſe her to his great grief, and would never ceaſe to love her; *Roxelane* forgot nothing that might juſtifie the Grand Viſier, and the Princeſs was ſo ready to allow of all that could do it, that ſhe eaſily believed, the *Sultan* had forced him to Marry his Daughter; but when ſhe reflected upon her Mothers reaſons, and that the Grand Viſier, being ab-

ſolute Maſter in the Empire could have taken other meaſures to prevent her miſery, ſhe preſently concluded he had never had for her but an ordinary paſſion, ſince he had not oppoſed her Match with *Baſhaw Aſaſp*, as he did with the *Baſhaw* of *Aleppo*; as theſe reflections did intereſs her glory, ſhe was ſo overpowered by them, that ſhe took a final reſolution never to hear of him, and accuſtomed herſelf by degrees to the careſſes of her Husband, who uſed her with all imaginable reſpect and kindneſs.

The Grand Viſier being inconſolable upon the Princeſſes departure, gave over the Government, and ſpent ſome Months in ſuch a languiſhing condition, that they deſpaired of his Life. Nevertheleſs with time, and the remedies of the ableſt Phyſitians of the Empire, he recovered his former health, and took again the care of the State. Aſſoon as he begun to recover, the *Sultaneſs Validé* who was no more afraid of a rival, made ſeveral ſteps towards him,

him, for the renewing of their commerce, but the Vifier, who could not forget her ſo maliciouſly contriving the Match of *Baſch-lari*, and would no more trouble himſelf with the intrigues of the *Serraglio*, ſince life it ſelf was a burthen to him, did not anſwer theſe advances; nay, he took from her that ſhare ſhe had in the Government of Affairs, by inſinuating to the Grand Seignior, that 'twas to bewanting to his own glory, & to violate all the Rules of State Policy, partake his authority with a Woman, who had abuſed it on ſeveral occaſions. The *Sultaneſs* being incenſed at the Grand Viſiers contempt, and well warned of his deſign to get her out of credit, turned all her kindneſs for him into a mortal hatred. She was ſeized with a fit of fury as often as ſhe remembred, that the very Man who was beholding to her for his Life, and which ſhe had raiſed to the eminenteſt dignity of the Empire, did now ſlight her, and uſed that credit ſhe had procured him, but to deſtroy her. She looked upon him as a Mon-

ſter of ingratitude, and found as much pleaſure in contriving a revenge againſt him, than ſhe had done formerly in raiſing him to honours for to content the motions of her love, but the Grand Viſier, who did put to no account all the good Offices he had received from her, ſince that cruel outrage ſhe had made to him, by taking away *Baſch-lari* e'en from his own arms, uſed ſuch precautions near the *Sultan*, that he countermined all the *Sultaneſs* Mothers cunnings, and was ever ſince more abſolute in his Miniſtry, than he had ever been until that time. In the mean while, the Princeſs *Baſch-lari*, who was at *Buda* with her Husband, lived a very happy life in appearance; but all the reſpects of the *Baſhaw* her Husband, did not hinder her to think ſometimes of *Muſtapha*, and to feel a great pleaſure in talking of him with *Roxolane*; ſhe did nevertheleſs endeavour to perſwade that Slave, ſhe had wholly forgot him. But *Roxelane*, who knew well her ſentiments was not complaiſant to ſuch a degree, as

to

to agree with her about it. The Princeſs being aſhamed of the opinion, or rather knowledge, that Maid had of a Love, which ſhe could not ſtifle, made an effort upon her ſelf, and reſolved to ſet her at liberty, that ſhe might be rid of a Perſon, whoſe preſence did continually upbraid her with her weakneſs; and that ſhe might the better perſwade the Slave, that ſhe was no more troubled for *Muſtapha*, ſhe commanded her to return to *Conſtantinople*, to ſee the Grand Viſier, to aſſure him, that ſhe lived happy, and that ſhe had ſet her at liberty, meerly to be rid of the ſight of a Woman, that might remember her of her former complaiſance to him. Though that reſolution was moſt contrary to her ſentiments; ſhe thought it however moſt conducive to her glory, to let the Grand Viſier know, that ſhe ſaw his indifferency without grief. This laſt reflection thoroughly determined her, and cauſed her to take meaſures with her Husband, for the Journey of *Roxolane* to *Conſtantinople* upon o-

ther pretences; assoon as she was arrived at the Port, she failed not to wait upon the Grand Visier, who received her with a great deal of kindness. She gave him an account of *Basch-lari's* sentiments, but with so much cunning, that he remained satisfied, there was less indifferency in her anger, than love; from that moment he thought himself less unfortunate, and begun to mind of the means, how to see his Princess again, he had several conferences with *Roxolana*, who helped him to perceive, that *Basch-lari's* so much affecting to be believed happy, shewed rather a passion not yet well extinguished, than a Soul truly quiet and calm. The Grand Visier was so transported with joy at the hearing of particulars which still flattered his passion, that he forgot nothing to shew his gratitude to *Roxelane*, and promised her to send her back in the Country of her Birth. *Roxelane* not being willing to let slip so fair an opportunity, intreated him to grant her also the liberty of *Donna Emanuela*; but

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the Viſier let her underſtand, that it did not lye in his power to do it, becauſe a Slave, who had had the honour to be deſigned to the Grand Seignior's pleaſures, could never upon what colour ſoever, be redeemed or freed; but he aſſured her, that he would never demand of her any thing contrary to her fidelity to *Don Gaſpard*, though ſhe ſhould be uſed with the ſame reſpect, that was paid to his Wives. *Roxelana* ſeeing 'twas impoſſible for her to obtain *Donna Emanuela*'s freedom, accepted of the Grand Viſier's proffer, and returned in *Italy* overwhelmed with favours, and more happy than ſhe was, before ſhe fell into Slavery.

The Ambaſſadors of Count *Teckly*, that Famous Chief of the Male-contents in *Hungary*, did at that time renew their intreaties at the Port, to obtain a relief from the *Sultan* againſt the Emperour. The Grand Viſier would fain have made uſe of ſo favourable an occaſion to go, and ſee his Princeſs at the Head of an Army, under the pretence of aſſiſting the

Malecontents; but he had juſt now concluded a Peace with the King of *Poland*, and put the Grand Seignior upon the thoughts of other Conqueſts, being both prepoſſeſt, through the intrigues of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, that moſt part of the Princes of *Europe*, were confederate under the Emperour's command, to deſtroy *France*, which could never reſiſt ſo many Puiſſances united againſt it: and not doubting, but in ſuch a happy juncture, it would be eaſie for the Grand Seignior's Navy to make themſelves Maſter of Provence, he had already ſent Orders to *Caplan Baſhaw* to put to Sea.

Now ſeeking a fair Colour to break honeſtly with *France*, It came in his mind to refuſe the honour of the *Sopha* to the *French* Kings Ambaſſador, and engaged the Corſairs of *Algiers* and *Tripoli* to inſult all the Ships of that Nation, they could meet with; aſſuring them of a powerful protection: But ſeeing, the War of the Chriſtian Princes did not facilitate any enterpriſe to the Grand Seig-

Seignior, and that *France* did ſtill maintain it ſelf, *maugré* that great number of Enemies, he fell into a fit of impatience, and his love made him wiſh, that all that he had been told of the State of Chriſtendom, might prove falſe, to the end, that he might have a pretext to go in *Hungary*, and ſee his Princeſs by the way at *Buda*. Therefore he ſent ſecretly his Emiſſaries in moſt Courts of the Chriſtian Princeſs, with Orders, to ſend him a faithful account of the poſture, and condition of Affairs therein. A little while after he heard, by their reports, which were all found conſentaneous, of the Conqueſt of *Lewis* the *French* King, the admirable conduct of that Monarch, and of the great diſorder of his Enemies. The Grand Viſier acknowledging thereby, that all he had heard before, was but an effect of the contrivance of the Emperor's Emiſſaries, acquainted the *Sultan* withal, and drew him out of that errour, he had himſelf ſo long been in, of the pretended decay of *France*'s power, but

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they knew ſoon after with their own experience, that *Lewis* the great was more in condition to give the Law to others, than to receive it of any body. The Grand Seignior's *Fleet* favouring by the ſecret Orders of the Port, the Corſairs of *Algier*, that of *France* blocked up *Caplan Baſhaw* in the Port of *Chio*, and forced him to abandon them to their juſt revenge. The Grand Viſier took no notice of this ſwinging affront, and inſinuated to the Grand Seignior, it was now time to make War in *Hungary*, and make uſe of the ill poſture of the Emperor's Affairs, who, aiming at the deſtruction of *France*, had exhauſted his treaſure. So dreadful preparations were made in the whole Empire, that People believed the *Sultan* was going to conquer all Chriſtendom. The *Sultaneſs Validé* was very well pleaſed at this deſign of War, hoping it might furniſh her with means and occaſions to undo more eaſily the Grand Viſier when abſent from the Port. The Emperour having intelligence of the extraordinary preparations

tions of the *Turks* ſent Count *Caprara* to *Adrianople*, to treat of Peace, he proffered ſo advantageous terms, that all the *Divan* rejected them with ſcorn, conceiving thereby that the Affairs of the Emperor, were in a moſt deſperate condition.

All the Troops being aſſembled about *Adrianople*, the *Sultan* Muſtered them, and taking a Herontops from his own Turbant, ſet it upon the Grand Viſiers, with all the uſual Ceremonies, to ſhew that he truſted him with all his Authority; 'tis obſervable, that *Muſtapha* who had his Friends and Spies in the *Serraglio*, was before his departure warned, the *Sultaneſs Validé* had boaſted, ſhe would undo him in this War, he ſlighted the advice, though he ought to foreſee, ſhe would not fail to turn his abſence to her advantage, and could, perhaps, get again that great aſcendant ſhe had formerly had upon the Grand Seignior's mind; his private friends repreſented unto him, he could not remove himſelf ſo far from the

Port

Port, without breaking all the rules of Policy, and endeavoured to perſwade him to accept of Count *Capra's* propoſals; but he was too much in love, to hearken to their reaſons. Princeſs *Baſsblari's* Charms did wholly poſſeſs his Heart, and all the powers of his Soul. The meer hope of ſeeing her again, fill'd him with ſo much Joy, that he feared no more to looſe his fortune, conceiving he ſhould not buy ſuch a pleaſure too dear with his own life. Nevertheleſs, becauſe he knew the *Sultaneſſes* Spirit, and that women do ſeldom forgive when they think themſelves to have been ſlighted, he reſolved to take from her all means to hurt him, and in order thereunto, to perſwade the *Sultan* to March at the head of his Troops; he urged to him, that the Monarch's preſence gives always much reputation to an Army, and that he ought not to doubt but the Chriſtians hearing of his Highneſſes Marching with ſo formidable Troops, would rather crave his mercy with reſpectful ſubmiſſions, than provoke his anger with an

an unprofitable reſiſtance. In fine, he did ſo prepoſſeſs him he had no other motive in adviſing him ſo, but a great paſſion for his glory, that the Grand Seignior reſolved to paſs into *Hungary*; and now the Grand Viſier ſeeing himſelf ſecured thereby from all the contrivances of the *Sultaneſs*, Injoyed before hand, unvaluable pleaſures in thinking that after he had troubled all the World, to put himſelf in meaſures of ſeeing his dear *Baſch lari*, he was gone ſo far that he could ſee no more obſtacles to the performance of his deſign.

The Grand Seignior parted then from *Adrianople*, at the Head of two Hundred Thouſand Men, but the continual rain that numerous and formidable Army was troubled, and almoſt overwhelmed with, the firſt days of its March, ſeemed to many of a very bad omen, the Troops upon their arrival at *Belgrad* were ſo much out of Order, and the Trains ſo haraſſed, that the *Sultan* thought fit to dwell there a long while, that they might have time to be ſet up again

again in order. The Grand Viſier longing to ſee *Baſch-lari*, wanted not a pretext to go with a ſtrong detachment ſtraightway to *Buda*; and fearing leſt ſhe ſhould be perplexed for the preſence of the *Baſhaw* her Husband, he ſent him Orders to go and joyn Count *Teckley*, and both together to relieve *Newheuſel*, which was threatned with a Siege by the Chriſtians. The Princeſs who had a Thouſand reaſons to be fully ſatisfied with her Husband, hearing of *Muſtapha*'s coming to *Buda*, fancied at firſt ſhe could ſee him without trouble; ſhe did nevertheleſs miſtruſt her own heart, and to avoid any return of her former tenderneſs for a Man whom ſhe had judged worthy of her eſteem, ſhe recalled in her mind, with how much ingratitude this Grand Viſier had ſacrificed her to his ambitious projects, and at the ſame time, reflected upon thoſe great obligations her Husband had laid upon her, and with how much reſpect and complaiſance he had uſed her ever ſince their Marriage. Theſe tumultuous thoughts

thoughts inſpired her with ſo much pride, that far from being afraid of the Viſier's arrival, ſhe longed to ſee him, that ſhe might have the pleaſure, to ſhew him a great indifferency; he arrived at laſt, and demanded to wait upon the Princeſs from the Grand Seignior. She received him in State, and in an attire, which did ſo much ſet off her natural beauty, that the Grand Viſier was extremely moved at it, he complemented her firſt in the *Sultan*'s name, and would next perſwade her, that he had never performed his Highneſſes commands with ſo much contentment, as now. The Princeſs anſwered him haughtily, and with a ſet malice aſſured him, that the beſt token the *Sultan* her Brother could give her of his love, was quickly to ſend her Husband home. *Muſtapha* being ſurpriſed at a repartee ſo contrary to his Love, pretended, he had orders to acquaint her with the operations of the Campaign, and the Princeſſes Women and Eunuchs being retired at a diſtance, he complained of her

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coldneſs, and uſed the tendereſt expreſſions to ſatisfie her of the continuance of his paſſion. The Princeſs let him know, ſhe had followed his Example, but however would not take it ill from him, ſince ſhe had been ſo fortunate, as to fall into the hands of a Husband, who was without contradiction, the moſt honeſt Man in the Empire. The Grand Viſier deeply penetrated with grief, cryed out againſt the injuſtice ſhe was doing to him, by believing him liable to change, he afterwards diſcovered to her all thoſe tricks wherewith the *Sultaneſs* Mother had broken their March, and told her at laſt, that not being able to live any longer, without the happineſs of ſeeing her, he had moved the Grand Seignior to renew the War in *Hungary*, that he might have occaſion to come and dye at her Feet, if he were ſo unhappy as to be indifferent to her. The Princeſs, who had till now been ignorant of theſe ſo material circumſtances for the juſtification of her lover, was ſo much moved by them,

and

and that pride, which is intailed into the *Ottoman* Family, was so much satisfied to see, that a passion she was the cause of, had put all *Europe* in Arms, that in spight of all her duties towards her Husband, her tenderness carried it over all the other motions of her heart. She spoke very kindly to *Mustapha*, and after having bitterly inveighed against the *Sultaness Valide*, she could not forbear confessing she was for the future, afraid of a very unhappy life, well foreseeing she should feel an equal trouble to resist her passion on one side, and to weaken that great esteem she had already for her Husband on the other, a flood of tears poured down from her eyes at these words; and having desired *Mustapha* to retire, she called back her Women, and told them, she had not been able to keep in her tears, conceiving through the Grand Visiers discourse, this would be a Bloody War, and her Husband should be exposed to great dangers therein. Although *Mustapha* were extremely glad for his being at last justified in the

the Princeſſes mind, and had reaſon to be contented with thoſe ſigns ſhe had given him, of what paſſed within her heart in his favour; yet becauſe he looked upon the *Baſhaw* of *Buda* as a rival, who had robbed him of his treaſure; he was ſeized with ſo ſtrong a jealouſie, that he reſolved to remove him ſpeedily from the Princeſs; he revolved a Thouſand times in his mind all the particulars of his converſation with her, and knowing ſhe was above all taken with a great ſhew of merit and vertue, he thought, that if he could command the Army in his own Perſon, it would be eaſie to dazle her with ſome ſhining action. Therefore he made ſpeed to rejoyn the Grand Seignior, whom he endeavoured to perſwade 'twas fit he ſhould ſtay at *Belgrad*, and leave to him all the care of this War. The *Sultan* at firſt oppoſed it; but as able Miniſters do never want means and reaſons to attain to their ends, the Grand Viſier repreſented to his Highneſs, that if he ſhould advance farther in the

Chriſtian

Chriſtian Territories, his being ſo far removed from *Conſtantinople*, might give way to ſome Rebellion; whereas if he would reſide at *Belgrad*, no inſurrection was to be feared at home, and he ſhould be near enough the Army to reap all the Glory of the Conqueſts to be made. The *Sultan* being overpowered with theſe reaſons followed the Counſel of *Muſtapha*, who being deſirous to do any thing, that might ſhine to *Baſch lari's* Eyes, he reſolved to begin the *Campaign* with the Siege of *Vienna*, and ſent Orders to the *Baſhaw* the Princeſſes Husband to block up the place, he Marched afterwards, at the Head of an Hundred and Threeſcore Thouſand Men to beſiege it actually; his Troops to terrifie the Chriſtians, plundered and killed all that they met with in their March. Aſſoon as the Siege was formed, the Grand Viſier Summoned Count *Staremberg* Governour of the place to ſurrender it, aſſuring him of the Grand Seignior's friendſhip, if he would deſerve it by a ſpeedy Submiſſion to his command

mand; but threatning him at the same time, that in case he would be so rash as to resist, and force him to expose and shed the Blood of the *Mussulmans*, he should put all to the edge of the Sword, without sparing either Age or Sex; nay, that he would excogitate a new torment for him in particular. Count *Staremberg* slighted this insolent *Turkish* Rodomontade, and prepared to discharge his trust like a Gallant Man, by a stout and vigorous defence; he caused all the Suburbs of *Vienna* to be Burnt, and so much encouraged both with deeds and words, the Soldiers and Citizens of the place, that they made a most solemn vow to defend it even to the last drop of their blood. The *Turks* attacked at first with much valour, but were beaten back, and lost a vast number of Men. The Grand Visier, whom the conduct of this Siege did not trouble so much as his love, had conceived an unspeakable hatred for the *Bashaw* of *Buda*, he thought he had done but little to remove him from the Princess *Baschlari*;

lari; his Jealouſie demanded a greater Sacrifice, and inſpired him with a dark deſign to ſeek his Death, fancying this War gave him a fair opportunity to rid himſelf handſomly, and without fear of the leaſt ſuſpicion, of ſo potent and troubleſom a rival. So he called one day the Council of War, and after having complained of the length of the Siege, he moved for a general aſſault, which he got reſolved upon againſt the opinion of his moſt experienced Officers. The *Baſhaw* of *Buda* was commanded to head the detachment, though he was one of them, who had voted againſt this raſh enterpriſe. Nevertheleſs, he diſcharged his duty with much valour; but the Chriſtians being encouraged with their former happy ſucceſſes, ſlew many Thouſand of *Turks*, and forced the *Baſhaw* to a retreat, to ſave the ſmall remnant of his Troops; however the Grand Viſier blamed his conduct, and charged upon him this unhappy ſucceſs, which did not vex him ſo much, becauſe of the great num-

number of Soldiers killed, as becauſe the *Baſhaw* had eſcaped the danger. In the mean while, a report was ſpread of the great King of *Poland*'s Marching toward the relief of *Vienna*. The *Baſhaw* of *Buda*, who was a great Commander, moved in the Council that a ſtrong body of Troops ſhould be ſent forthwith, to hinder the junction of the King's Army with the Emperor's, and made it appear, that the *Polanders* could not approach the place without Marching through ſeveral narrow paſſages, which few Armed Men were able to keep againſt the Power of an Army, but the Grand Viſier, would not hearken to this prudent Counſel, and proudly anſwered, they muſt be let come, that the *Sultan* might be revenged upon them, for the great loſſes he had ſuffered during this Siege. Infine, upon the Twelfth of *September* 1683. the Chriſtian Army was ſeen upon the Hills of *Vienna*. The Grand Viſier, who relyed upon the Multitude of his Men, thought, he could well Fight the Chriſtians, and carry

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the Siege on both together, left a ſtrong body of Janiſſaries in the Trenches, and commanded another detachment to ſtrengthen them, and hinder the Sallies of the beſieged. Afterwards he Marched with the main Body, to fight the Chriſtians, and conceiving that notwithſtanding the huge inequality of both Armies, the firſt ſhok was like to be very cruel, he thought it might prove favourable to his jealouſie, by occaſioning the death of the *Baſhaw* of *Buda*. Therefore he commanded him to go and meet the Chriſtians, forbidding him to retire, what effort ſoever they could make againſt him, and aſſuring him to be backed with the whole Army; beſides, he was ſo confident of the victory, that he would have all his Wives mounted on Horſe-back, and upon Camels to behold from a Neighbouring Hill, the defeat of the Chriſtians; nay, they did already rejoyce before hand, for that imaginary Triumph, and attributed great praiſes to the Grand Viſier. The only *Don-*

na Emanuela, who heard talk of nothing else, but of projects fatal to Christendom, was continually weeping; one of them, that was most of all in the Grand Vifier's favour, and had always feared left this Christian Slave's Beauty, might ingage her Husband, moved to her to pass into the Camp of the *Polanders*, since she found herself so unhappy amongst the *Mussulmans*. *Donna Emanuela* let her understand, that her escape was not altogether impossible, if she would countenance it. The Vifier's Wife being very desirous to be rid of a Person, that could contend with her for Beauty, promised her, she would contribute to it with her utmost Power, and trusted with her design two other Women, who had the same interest in *Donna Emanuela*'s escape. In the mean time, the *Bashaw* of *Buda*, was beaten back, and his Troops having had no succour retired in such a disorder, that they broke a great part of the *Turkish* Army. The Christians pursued them very close, and the *Turks* having no time

time to rally, lost a great number of Men. The fright was general, and many a squadron retired without fighting, or daring so much as to approach the Christians. The Grand Visier had much ado to keep in the Soldiers that fled on all sides; he did nevertheless, in such a hurly-burly cover with much art the disorder of his Troops, and without seeming to be forced to decamp, he made them retire with speed; nay, he left behind him the Janissaries, who were in the Trenches, least he should be discovered in his retreat; but *Donna Emanuela*, who had contrived with the Grand Visier's Wives to make her escape, assoon as Night would help it, made use of the *Turks* consternation, and passed with little or no pain into the Christian Army. She was brought before the King of *Poland*, and acquainted his Majesty with the Flight of the *Turks*, who fled with so much precipitation, that they had abandoned their Tents, and all their baggage. The King wondered at the great courage of that

Heroine, and because he did not well understand *Spanish*, he sent for some Cavalier of that Nation in the Emperor's Army. The Duke of *Lorrain*, sent a Man of quality, who served under him as adjutant General. The King of *Poland*, who had a mind to know the condition of the *Turkish* Army, commanded him to ask that Maid several questions, but assoon as *Donna Emanuela* had cast her eyes upon him, she knew him to be her dear *Don Gaspard*, and swooned away at the King's Feet. It was not long e're she recovered of her swoon, through the cares of *Don Gaspard*, who was ready to dye with joy, to see so unexpectedly that charming Maid; as the King wondered at such an extraordinary adventure, *Don Gaspard* acquainted him with *Donna Emanuela's* quality, and how far they were bound one to another. The King's presence could not hinder many tender expressions to pass between them both at so sweet and charming a remembrance. *Donna Emanuela* put an end to them, being desi-

desired to relate the particulars of the *Turks* disorder, and the fright of their Camp, when she made her escape. The King made so good use of her advice, that without any further delay, he pursued the Enemy, cut in pieces the Janissaries, who guarded the Trenches, and made himself Master of all the baggage and Tents of that numerous Army, finding both the Grand Visier's pavillion, and all the others still set up, he charged afterwards their rear, and should have certainly defeated the whole Army, had he had Troops enough ready to stop the passages to the Grand Visier. *Mustapha* who had flattered himself, that he could make retreat without being pursued by the Christians, hearing of *Donna Emanuela's* escape, and of all the circumstances that attended it, doubted not but she would inform the King of *Poland* of the dismal condition, he was brought unto, for which he fell so grievous angry with all those, that had favoured or countenanced her Flight, that he caused presently

four of his Wives, and two Eunuchs to be Beheaded. In the mean time, though the loss of so many fine Troops did much trouble him, yet because he referred all things to his love, his heart was far less vexed at the raising of that Siege, than at the *Bashaw* of *Buda*'s still living *maugré* all the tricks he had made use of, to destroy him; and conceiving, this *Bashaw* might upbraid him before the *Sultan* with the so many gross faults he had committed in the management of the Siege, he resolved to prepossess his Master's mind, and to charge before hand upon the *Bashaw* all the misfortunes which had befallen the Army; but when he reflected, that the Grand Seignior might perhaps forgive him for his Wife's sake, and that the *Bashaw* should find however a great comfort within the Arms of the Princess *Basch lari*, this thought tormented him to such a degree, that without any farther examination, he gave himself over to the impetuousness of his vengeance, and caused this great but unfortunate *Bashaw* to

be Strangled; and to avoid the ſuſpicion that any private grudge might have influenced in this ſevere puniſhment, he ſerved ſo two other *Baſhaws* whom he accuſed of ill conduct, and cowardiſe in the diſcharge of their duty. Every one was amazed at ſo bold an action, but the Viſier did not matter much the murmurs and diſcourſes of the People, he was only troubled about *Baſch Iari*, how ſhe ſhould receive this news. Nevertheleſs, knowing that moſt Women bewail the loſs of their Husbands, meer for decency's ſake, and do eaſily forget the dead in favour of the living, he hoped that the remedy of time, and his cares ſhould diminiſh her anger. Therefore being pritty well freed from fear on that ſide, he bent all his wits to find a way, how to juſtifie himſelf before the Grand Seignior; he ſent a truſty friend of his to *Belgrad*, and let the *Sultan* underſtand, that the *Baſhaw* of *Buda*, looking upon his Highneſſes Conqueſts with a jealous eye, and foreſeeing *Buda* ſhould no more be a

Frontier after the taking of *Vienna*, had croſſed with all manner of obſtacles the ſucceſs of that enterpriſe; that he had been contented at firſt to upbraid him with it, in hope that a man, who had the honour to be ſo near related to the *Ottoman* Family, would ſoon acknowledge his fault, and endeavour to make amends for it; but that the *Baſhaw* abuſing his moderation, had perſiſted in his former ſentiments, and that after he had been ſuch a coward, as to fly before a handful of Chriſtians, he had broken the ranks of the *Muſſulmans*, and put the whole Army into confuſion; that two *Baſhaws* having been frighted like Children, had increaſed the diſorder, of which the Chriſtians had made ſo good uſe, that if he had not uſed all neceſſary precautions to keep in the flying Soldiers, and to make an orderly and honourable retreat, all his Highneſſes Army, had run the danger to be cut in pieces; that afterwards having had intelligence, that thoſe *Baſhaws* being aſhamed of their cowardiſe, were a-

bout

bout making ſecret Cabals, that might be of a dangerous conſequence, he had judged it neceſſary to puniſh the criminals without any delay, that he might by their death ſtop the Rebellion in its cradle; nay he aſſured him, that having no more Traitors nor Cowards in his Army, he ſhould advantageouſly repair in the next Campaign, the loſſes he had made by the ill conduct of thoſe unworthy Officers. The Grand Seignior being perſwaded by the reaſons, and ſatisfied of the zeal of his Viſier, approved of all he had done, and as a witneſs of his ſatisfaction, he ſent him a new Standard with Seven Horſe tales, aſſuring him he would for ever honour him with his favour, and provide him abundantly with all neceſſaries, that he might be enabled to revenge upon the Chriſtians, the great affront he had received at *Vienna*.

The Princeſs heard very confuſedly of her Husband's Death, and conceived, he had been ſlain in the War; her grief hindered her to hearken to

the other circumstances of his death, which none was very forward to acquaint her with. She pay'd a great tribute of Tears to his Memory, but was soon comforted with the thought that the Grand Visier loved her still, he arrived at *Buda* about that time, to receive there the great Standard the Grand Seignior had sent to him, together with all the Testimonies of his esteem, he might wish for. So being assured again of his Masters favour, he thought of nothing but to clear himself before the Princess, he could not but know how great was her esteem for her Husband, and he doubted a while whither he should see her, or no, but the new tokens he had just now received of the *Sultan*'s kindness, made him so proud, or rather his love made him so impatient, that he resolved to demand an audience of *Basch-lari*, pretending he had an Order from the Grand Seignior to communicate to her. The Princess received him with a great shew of sadness, and desired him to

give

give her time to wipe off her Tears. The Grand Visier, who expected a greater transport, because he supposed she knew already, what kind of Death had robbed her of her Husband, begun his own apology; and told her, he had passed by the *Bashaw* of *Buda*'s faults, as long as he could; but that having occasioned the loss of the best part of the Army, he durst not put off his punishment any longer, for fear of exposing his own Head to the Grand Seignior's wrath. *Basch-lari* was ready to dye with grief at this discourse, which let her know, that her Husband was dead both by the Hangman's hand, and by the order of her Lover. These cruel circumstances vexed her so much the more, because she could not but be conscious of her having had a great share in his crime, her love did nevertheless plead for the Visier, but she was seized with such an horrour for his cruelties, that *maugré* all the secret motions of her heart, she reviled him grievously, and threatned him to Strangle him with her own

hands,

hands, except he would presently be gone; when he was retired, she condemned her transport, and though she was satisfied of the justice of her grief, yet she perceived, her anger had made her speak against her true sentiments; but revolving in her mind a minute after, that neither the respect he owed to her, nor the fear of displeasing her, had been able to take him from the black design of Strangling her Husband, she thought herself highly injured by so criminal a boldness, and that both glory and duty obliged her to be revenged of *Mustapha's* cruelty. These last sentiments prevailing upon her, she was ashamed of her weakness; and believing, she had overcome the secret revolt of her heart in the Grand Visier's favour, she departed from *Buda* for *Belgrad*, with a firm resolution to petition the Grand Seignior against *Mustapha*, about the unjust Death of her Husband. In the mean time, the Grand Visier, who resented to the quick the Princesses anger, did endeavour with gifts to draw in her

Women and Eunuchs to his interest, perſwading himſelf, that time and love would do the reſt. Neither did he neglect to write to the Grand Seignior, and prepoſſeſs him upon *Baſch-lari's* diſcontent, he let him underſtand, amongſt other things, he could hardly imagine, that a Princeſs of the *Ottoman* Blood, could be ſorry for the Death of a Husband, who had no courage; his Letter had more effect than he expected. The *Sultan* ſeeking to juſtifie his Vifier by all means, that might ſhine to the Eyes of the People, ſend Orders to the Princeſs not to come to *Belgrad*, and letting her know, he would ſee nothing, that might remember him of a Man, who had made himſelf unworthy of the honour of his alliance, he ſent her back to *Conſtantinople*, attended by a Miniſter of the *Alcoran*, who declared to her that the Grand Seignior being willing, to condemn the Memory of the *Baſhaw* of *Buda* to an eternal oblivion, and to blot out the remembrance of his alliance, with the *Ottoman* Family,

had

had made choice of *Baſham Ibrahim* to be his Brother in Law; he told her farther, the *Sultan* would very willingly own her to be his Siſter, and ſee her with pleaſure, aſſoon as he could look upon her, as the Wife of a Man whom he loved, not as the Widow of a Traytor. *Baſch-lari* was at firſt ſurpriſed at this harangue; but when ſhe had made reflection, that twas not lawful for her to oppoſe the Grand Seignior's Command, and that, by this Match ſhe could both revenge the Death of her late Husband, and free herſelf from the cruel neceſſity, ſhe was in, to ſpeak againſt her Lover, ſhe conſented with leſs repugnancy, to Marry *Baſham Ibrahim*, who was a Young Man endowed with many excellent parts. A little while after, the Grand Seignior arrived at *Conſtantinople*, where he received his Siſter with all the reſpect ſhe might wiſh for; and now conceiving it would be a pleaſant piece of news to the Grand Viſier; which he had left at *Belgrad*, he acquainted him with that Marriage, to ſhew him that he fought

to

to destroy the Memory of the *Bashaw* of *Buda*, by all means that lyed in his Power. The Grand Visier, who had flattered himself, that the Princess should be appeased by length of time, was mighty troubled at the news of her being Married, and when he knew, that *Bashaw Ibrahim* had reaped the fruit of all the pains he had taken, to undo that of *Buda*; he fell into so deep a Melancholly, that he troubled himself no more, either to keep his credit, or maintain his fortune; he had advice, the *Sultaness* Mother was about making new cabals against him, and that *Gran* was besieged by the Christians, but he neglected to relieve that place, and scorned to go and justifie himself to the Grand Seignior, chooſing rather to perish, than to be a witness of *Bashaw Ibrahim's* happiness. The Grandees of the Port, being tired with the Tyranny of the Visier, who had lost by his fault the best Troops of the Empire, had vainly attempted to destroy him in the *Sultan's* mind, but after the taking of *Gran* by the Duke

of

of *Lorrain*, the *Sultaneſs* did ſerve herſelf ſo well of this favourable juncture; that the Grand Seignior being amazed at the dayly reports of the ill poſture of his Affairs, begun to alter his Sentiments for the Grand Viſier. Now, the Janiſſaries who could not find in their hearts, to forgive him the foul trick he had plaid upon them, in abandoning their Comerads to the fury of the Chriſtians, at the Siege of *Vienna*, and being countenanced by the ſecret contrivances of the *Sultaneß*, they did tumultuouſly repair before the *Serraglio*, and demanded the Head of that Miniſter, as the preſent condition of Affairs rendered ſuch ſeditions very dangerous, the *Sultan* ſpoke to them with much courage and firmneſs, and cauſing ſome Money to be diſtributed amongſt them, he diſmiſſed them with hope, that he would mind how to ſee them ſatisfied. The *Sultaneß* together with all the Grand Viſier's Enemies, renewed their intereſt againſt him, and endeavoured to perſwade his Highneſs, that the Empire was threat-

threatned with a general insurrection, except he would sacrifice his Visier to the publick hatred; at last, the Grand Seignior consented, the business should be referred to the *Mufti's* judgment, his case was brought under borrowed names, before him, who after a long debate thereof with the ablest Divines of the Empire, voted at last, and wrote with his own hand, that he who had committed those faults, which he had just now examined, was worthy of Death. The Grand Seignior did nevertheless keep this resolve secret a great while, but being pressed by his Mother, he made choice of two *Agas* of the Janissaries, which he knew to be Wisemen, and giving them in charge to behave themselves with an extraordinary prudence, he gave them a Hatcherif, and commanded them to go secretly to *Belgrad*, and Strangle the Grand Visier. The two *Agas* being arrived at *Belgrad*, let *Mustapha* understand, they were sent by the Grand Seignior to take just measures with him, about the things he might want for,

to

to be ready against the next Spring to take the Field, and repair by some great exploit the miscarriage of the last Campaign. The Visier who was not ignorant of the Plot, that was a hatching against him at the Port, had some suspicion, that their errand was only to demand his Head, and delayed a while to give them audience. The two Wise *Agas* shewed no impatience at all to see him, on the contrary they sent him word, that they came meerly to wait for his Orders, and would stay as long as he pleased. This prudent carriage deceived the Visier; he assembled the *Divan*, and received the two *Agas*, one of them served him with the *Sultan's* Hatcherif, which was packed up in a small Bag of Velvet; at the same time the other *Aga* untied his Girdle, made up with several little silk twists, and threw it upon the Grand Visier's neck, who was reading the first lines of the Warrant, he seemed to be surprised, named the Princess without explaining himself farther, and observing upon the face of the Officers,

that

that ſate about him, no motion, which might put him in hopes of a revolt in his favour, he deſired the *Agas* to grant him time for a ſhort Prayer, and then was Strangled; his Head was carried with ſpeed to *Conſtantinople*, where it made a very pleaſant Spectacle to the People, and eſpecially to the Janiſſaries. The only *Baſchlari*, who loved him ſtill, *maugré* all the reaſons ſhe had to complain of him, paid Tears to his Memory, and not being able to endure, that the Head of a Man, whom ſhe had honoured with her eſteem, ſhould be expoſed to the ſcoffs of the rabble, cauſed it to be ſecretly taken away, and decently Buried.

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